

OF
Dramatick Poefie,
AN
ESSAY.

By JOHN DRYDEN,
Servant to His MAJESTY.

—*Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.*

Horat. De Arte Poet.

L O N D O N,

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To the Right Honourable,

Charles Lord Buckhurst.

My LORD,



S I was lately reviewing my loose Papers, amongst the rest I found this Essay, the writing of which in this rude and indigested manner wherein your Lordship now sees it, serv'd as an amusement to me in the Country, when the violence of the last Plague had driven me from the Town. Seeing then our Theaters shut up, I was engag'd in these kind of thoughts with the same delight with which men think upon their absent Mistresses : I confess I find many things in this Discourse which I do not now approve ; my Judgment being not a little alter'd since the writing of it, but whether for the better or the worse I

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know not: Neither indeed is it much material in an Essay, where all I have said is problematical. For the way of writing Plays in Verse, which I have seem'd to favour, I have since that time laid the practice of it aside, till I have more leisure, because I find it troublesome and slow. But I am no way alter'd from my opinion of it, at least with any reasons which have oppos'd it. For your Lordship may easily observe that none are very violent against it, but those who either have not attempted it, or who have succeeded ill in their attempt. 'Tis enough for me to have your Lordships example for my excuse in that little which I have done in it; and I am sure my Adversaries can bring no such Arguments against Verse, as those with which the fourth Act of *Pompey* will furnish-me in its defence. Yet, my Lord, you must suffer me a little to complain of you, that you too soon withdraw from us a contentment, of which we expected the continuance, because you gave it us so early. 'Tis a revolt without occasion from your Party, where your Merits had already rais'd you to the highest Commands, and where you have not the excuse of other Men that you have been ill us'd, and therefore laid down Arms. I know no other Quarrel you can have to Verse, than that which *Spurina* had to his Beauty, when he tore and mangled the Features of his Face, only because they pleas'd too well the sight. It was an Honour which seem'd to wait for you, to lead out a new Colony of Writers from the Mother Nation: and upon the first spreading of your Ensigns, there had been many in a readiness to have follow'd so fortunate a Leader; if not all, yet the better part of Poets.

*Pars, indocili melior grege; mollis & expes
Inominata perprimat cubilia.*

I am almost of opinion, that we should force you to accept of the Command, as sometimes the *Prætorian* Bands have compell'd their Captains to receive the Empire. The Court, which is the best and surest Judge of writing, has generally allow'd of Verse; and in the Town it has found
Favourers

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Favourers of Wit and Quality. As for your own particular, My Lord, you have yet Youth, and time enough to give part of them to the divertisement of the Publick, before you enter into the serious and more unpleasant business of the World. That which the French Poet said of the Temple of Love, may be as well apply'd to the Temple of the Muses. The words, as near as I can remember them, were these :

*Le jeune homme, à mauvaise grace,
N'ayant pas adoré dans le Temple d'Amour :
Il faut qu'il entre, & pour le sage
Si ce n'est pas son, vray séjour
C'est un giste sur son passage.*

I leave the words to work their effect upon your Lordship in their own Language, because no other can so well express the nobleness of the thought ; and wish you may be soon call'd to bear a part in the Affairs of the Nation, where I know the World expects you, and wonders why you have been so long forgotten ; there being no Person amongst our young Nobility, on whom the eyes of all men are so much bent. But in the mean time your Lordship may imitate the course of Nature, who gives us the Flower before the Fruit : that I may speak to you in the Language of the Muses, which I have taken from an excellent Poem to the King.

*As Nature, when she Fruit designs, thinks fit
By beauteous blossoms to proceed to it ;
And while she does accomplish all the Spring,
Birds to her secret Operations sing.*

I confess I have no greater reason, in addressing this Essay to your Lordship, than that it might awaken in you the desire of writing something, in whatever kind it be, which might be an Honour to our Age and Country. And methinks it might have the same effect on you, which Homer tells us the sight of the Greeks and Trojans before the Fleet had.

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had on the Spirit of *Achilles*, who though he had resolv'd not to ingage, yet found a Martial Warmth to steal upon him, at the sight of Blows, the sound of Trumpets, and the cries of fighting Men. For my own part, if, in treating of this subject, I sometimes dissent from the Opinion of better Wits, I declare it is not so much to combat their Opinions, as to defend my own, which were first made publick. Sometimes, like a Scholar in a Fencing-School, I put forth my self, and shew my own ill play, on purpose to be better taught. Sometimes I stand desperately to my Arms, like the Foot when deserted by their Horse, not in hope to overcome, but only to yield on more honourable terms. And yet, My Lord, this War of Opinions, you well know, has fallen out among the Writers of all Ages, and sometimes betwixt Friends. Only it has been prosecuted by some, like Pedants, with violence of words, and manag'd by others like Gentlemen, with Candour and Civility. Even *Tully* had a Controversie with his dear *Atticus*; and in one of his Dialogues makes him sustain the part of an Enemy in Philosophy, who in his Letters is his Confident of State, and made privy to the most weighty Affairs of the Roman Senate. And the same respect which was paid by *Tully* to *Atticus*, we find return'd to him afterwards by *Cesar* on a like occasion, who answering his Book in praise of *Cato*, made it not so much his business to condemn *Cato*, as to praise *Cicero*.

But that I may decline some part of the Encounter with my Adversaries, whom I am neither willing to combat, nor well able to resist; I will give your Lordship the Relation of a Dispute betwixt some of our Wits on the same subject, in which they did not only speak of Plays in Verse, but mingled, in the freedom of Discourse, some things of the Ancient, many of the Modern ways of Writing; comparing those with these, and the Wits of our Nation with those of others: 'tis true, they differ'd in their Opinions, as 'tis probable they would: neither do I take upon me to reconcile, but to relate them: and that as *Tacitus* professes
of

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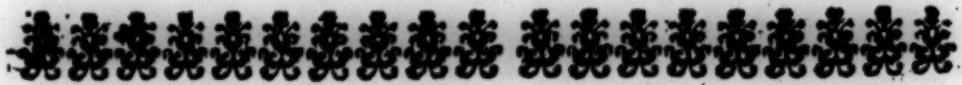
of himself, *Sine studio partium aut irâ*: without Passion or Interest; leaving your Lordship to decide it in favour of which part you shall judge most reasonable, and withal, to pardon the many Errours of,

Your Lordships

Most obedient humble Servant,

JOHN DREYDEN.

TO



TO THE
READER.

THE drift of the ensuing Discourse was chiefly to vindicate the Honour of our English Writers, from the censure of those who unjustly prefer the French before them. This I intimate, lest any should think me so exceeding vain, as to teach others an Art which they understand much better than my self. But if this incorrect Essay, written in the Country without the help of Books, or advice of Friends, shall find any acceptance in the World, I promise to my self a better success of the Second Part, wherein I shall more fully treat of the Virtues and Faults of the English Poets, who have written either in this, the Epique, or the Lyrique way.

A N
E S S A Y
O F
Dramatick Poefie.



IT was that memorable day, in the first Summer of the late War, when our Navy engag'd the Dutch: A day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed Fleets which any Age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the Globe, the commerce of Nations, and the riches of the Universe. While these vast floating Bodies, on either side, mov'd against each other in parallel Lines, and our Countrymen, under the happy Conduct of his Royal Highness, went breaking, by little and little, into the Line of the Enemies; the noise of the Cannon from both Navies reach'd our Ears about the City: so that all Men, being alarm'd with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event, which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him; and leaving the Town almost empty, some took towards the Park, some cross the River, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.

Amongst the rest, it was the fortune of *Eugenius*, *Crites*, *Lisideius* and *Neander*, to be in company together: three of them persons whom their Wit and Quality have made known to all the Town: and whom I have chose to hide under these borrowed names, that they may not suffer by so ill a relation as I am going to make of their discourse.

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Taking

Taking then a Barge which a Servant of *Lisideius* had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the Bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindred them from hearing what they desired: after which, having disingag'd themselves from many Vessels which rode at Anchor in the *Thames*, and almost blockt up the passage towards *Greenwich*, they order'd the Watermen to let fall their Oars more gently; and then every one favouring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceiv'd the Air to break about them like the noise of distant Thunder, or of Swallows in a Chimney: those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reach'd them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror which they had betwixt the Fleets: after they had attentively listned till such time as the sound by little and little went from them; *Eugenius* lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy Omen of our Nations Victory: adding, that we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English Coast. When the rest had concur'd in the the same opinion, *Crites*, a person of a sharp judgment, and somewhat too delicate a taste in Wit, which the world have mistaken in him for ill nature, said, smiling to us, that if the concernment of this battel had not been so exceeding great, he could scarce have wish'd the Victory at the price he knew he must pay for it, in being subject to the reading and hearing of so many ill verses as he was sure would be made on that Subject. Adding, that no Argument could scape some of those eternal Rhimers, who watch a Battel with more diligence than the Ravens and birds of Prey; and the worst of them surest to be first in upon the quarry, while the better able, either out of modesty writ not at all, or set that due value upon their Poems, as to let them be often desired and long expected! There are some of those impertinent people of whom you speak, answer'd *Lisideius*, who to my knowledge, are already so provided, either way, that they can produce not only a Panegirick upon the Victory, but, if need be, a Funeral Elegy on the Duke: wherein after they have crown'd his valour with many Lawrels, they will at last deplore the odds under which he fell, concluding that his courage deserv'd a better destiny. All the company smil'd at the concept of *Lisideius*; but *Crites*, more eager than before, began to make particular exceptions against some Writers, and said the publick Magistrate ought to send betimes to forbid them; and that it concern'd the peace and quiet of all honest people, that ill Poets should be as well silenc'd as seditious Preachers. In my opinion, replyed *Eugenius*, you pursue your point too far; for as to my own particulat, I am so great a lover of Poesie, that I could wish them all rewarded who attempt but to do

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do well; at least I would not have them worse us'd than one of their brethren was by Sylla the Dictator: *Quem in concione vidimus* (says Tully) *cum ei libellum malus poeta de populo subiecisset, quod epigramma in eum fecisset tantummodo alternis versibus longiusculis, statim ex iis rebus quas tunc vendebat jubere ei premium tribui, sub ea conditione ne quid postea scriberet.* I could wish with all my heart, replied *Crites*; that many whom we know were as bountifully thank'd upon the same condition, that they would never trouble us again. For amongst others, I have a mortal apprehension of two Poets, whom this victory with the help of both her wings will never be able to escape; 'tis easie to guess whom you intend, said *Lisideius*; and without naming them, I ask you if one of them does not perpetually pay us with clenches upon words and a certain clownish kind of raillery? if now and then he does not offer at a Catechism or Clevelandism, wresting and torturing a word into another meaning: In fine, if he be not one of those whom the French would call *un mauvais buffon*; one who is so much a well-willer to the Satire, that he intends at least, to spare no man; and though he cannot strike a blow to hurt any, yet he ought to be punish'd for the malice of the action; as our Witches are justly hang'd because they think themselves to be such: and suffer deservedly for believing they did mischief, because they meant it. You have described him, said *Crites*, so exactly, that I am afraid to come after you with my other extremity of Poetry: He is one of those who having had some advantage of education and converse, knows better than the other what a Poet should be, but puts it into practice more unluckily than any man; his stile and matter are every where alike; he is the most calm, peaceable Writer you ever read: he never disquiets your passions with the least concernment, but still leaves you in as even a temper as he found you; he is a very Leveller in Poetry, he creeps along with ten little words in every line, and helps out his Numbers with *For so*, and *Unto*, and all the pretty Expletives he can find, till he drags them to the end of another line; while the Sense is left tir'd half way behind it: he doubly starves all his Verses, first for want of thought, and then of expression; his Poetry neither has wit in it, nor seems to have it; like him in *Martial*.

Pauper videri Cinna vult, & est pauper:

He affects plainness, to cover his want of imagination: when he writes the serious way, the highest flight of his fancy is some miserable *Antithesis*, or seeming contradiction; and in the Comick he is still reaching at some thin conceit, the ghost of a Jest, and that too flies before him, never to be caught; these Swallows which we see before us on the *Tbames*, are the just resemblance of his Wit: you may ob-

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serve how near the water they stoop, how many proffers they make to dip, and yet how seldome they touch it: and when they do, 'tis but the surface: they skim over it but to catch a gnat, and then mount into the Air and leave it. Well Gentlemen, said *Eugenius*, you may speak your pleasure of these Authors; but though I and some few more about the Town may give you a peaceable hearing, yet assure your selves, there are multitudes who would think you malicious and them injur'd: especially him whom you first described; he is the very *Witbers* of the City: they have bought more Editions of his Works then would serve to lay under all their Pies at the Lord Mayor's *Christmasts*. When his famous Poem first came out in the year 1660, I have seen them reading it in the midst of Change-time; nay so vehement they were at it, that they lost their bargain by the Candles ends: but what will you say, if he has been received amongst great Persons; I can assure you he is, this day, the envy of one, who is Lord in the Art of Quibbling; and who does not take it well, that any man should intrude so far into his Province. All I would wish, replied *Crites*, is, that they who love his Writings, may still admire him, and his fellow Poet, *qui Bavium non odit, &c.* is curse sufficient. And farther, added *Lisideius*, I believe there is no man who writes well, but would think he had hard measure, if their Admirers should praise any thing of his: *Nam quos contemnimus eorum quoque laudes contemnimus.* There are so few who write well in this Age, said *Crites*, that methinks any praises should be wellcome; they neither rise to the dignity of the last Age, nor to any of the Ancients; and we may cry out of the Writers of this time, with more reason than *Petronius* of his, *Pace vestra liceat dixisse, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidistis*: you have debauched the true old Poetry so far, that Nature, which is the soul of it, is not in any of your Writings.

If your quarrel (said *Eugenius*) to those who now write, be grounded only on your reverence to Antiquity, there is no man more ready to adore those great Greeks and Romans than I am: but on the other side, I cannot think so contemptibly of the Age in which I live or so dishonourably of my own Countrey, as not to judge we equal the Ancients in most kinds of Poesie, and in some surpass them; neither know I any reason why I may not be as zealous for the Reputation of our Age, as we find the Ancients themselves were in reference to those who lived before them. For you hear your *Horace* saying,

*Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper.*

And after,

*Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
Scire velim pretium chartis quotus arroget annus?*

But

But I see I am engaging in a wide dispute, where the arguments are not like to reach close on either side; for Poesie is of so large an extent, and so many both of the Ancients and Moderns have done well in all kinds of it, that in citing one against the other, we shall take up more time this Evening, than each mans occasions will allow him: therefore I would ask *Crites* to what part of Poesie he would confine his Arguments, and whether he would defend the general cause of the Ancients against the Moderns, or oppose any Age of the Moderns against this of ours?

Crites a little while considering upon this Demand, told *Eugenius* that if he pleased, he would limit their Dispute to *Dramatique Poesie*; in which he thought it not difficult to prove, either that the Ancients were superior to the Moderns, or the last Age to this of ours.

Eugenius was somewhat surpriz'd, when he heard *Crites* make choice of that subject; For ought I see, said he, I have undertaken a harder Province than I imagin'd; for though I never judg'd the Plays of the Greek or Roman Poets comparable to ours; yet on the other side those we now see acted, come short of many which were written in the last Age: but my comfort is if we are overcome, it will be only by our own Countrey-men: and if we yield to them in this one part of Poesie, we more surpass them in all the other; for in the Epique or Lyrique way it will be hard for them to shew us one such amongst them, as we have many now living, or who lately were. They can produce nothing so courtly writ, or which expresses so much the Conversation of a Gentleman, as Sir *John Suckling*; nothing so even, sweet, and flowing as Mr. *Waller*; nothing so Majestique, so correct as Sir *John Denham*; nothing so elevated, so copious, and full of spirit, as Mr *Cowley*; as for the Italian, French, and Spanish Plays, I can make it evident, that those who now write, surpass them; and that the *Drama* is wholly ours.

All of them were thus far of *Eugenius* his opinion, that the sweetness of English Verse was never understood or practis'd by our Fathers; even *Crites* himself did not much oppose it: and every one was willing to acknowledge how much our Poesie is improv'd, by the happiness of some Writers yet living; who first taught us to mould our thoughts into easie and significant words; to retrench the superfluities of expression, and to make our Rime so properly a part of the Verse, that it should never mislead the sence, but it self be led and govern'd by it.

Eugenius was going to continue this Discourse, when *Lisideius* told him that it was necessary, before they proceeded further, to take a standing measure of their Controversie; for how was it possible to be decided who writ the best Plays, before we know what a Play should be? but, this once agreed on by both Parties, each might have recourse

to it, either to prove his own advantages, or to discover the failings of his Adversary.

He had no sooner said this, but all desir'd the favour of him to give the definition of a Play; and they were the more importunate, because neither *Aristotle*, nor *Horace*, nor any other, who had writ of that Subject, had ever done it.

Lisideius, after some modest denials, at last confess'd he had a rude Notion of it; indeed rather a Description than a Definition: but which serv'd to guide him in his private thoughts, when he was to make a judgment of what others writ: that he conceiv'd a Play ought to be, *A just and lively Image of Humane Nature, representing its Passions and Humours, and the Changes of Fortune to which it is subject; for the Delight and Instruction of Mankind.*

This Definition, though *Critus* rais'd a Logical Objection against it; that it was onely a *genre & fine*, and so not altogether perfect; was yet well received by the rest: and after they had given order to the Water-men to turn their Barge, and row softly, that they might take the cool of the Evening in their return; *Critus*, being desired by the Company to begin, spoke on behalf of the Ancients, in this manner,

If Confidence presage a Victory, *Eugenius*, in his own opinion, has already triumphed over the Ancients; nothing seems more easie to him, than to overcome those whom it is our greatest praise to have imitated well: for we do not only build upon their foundations; but by their modells. *Dramatique Poesie* had time enough, reckoning from *Thespis* (who first invented it) to *Aristophanes*, to be born, to grow up, and to flourish in Maturity. It has been observed of Arts and Sciences, that in one and the same Century they have arriv'd to great perfection; and no wonder, since every Age has a kind of Universal Genius, which inclines those that live in it to some particular Studies: the Work then being push'd on by many hands, must of necessity go forward.

Is it not evident, in these last hundred years (when the Study of Philosophy has been the business of all the *Virtuosi* in *Christendome*) that almost a New Nature has been reveal'd to us? that more errors of the School have been detected, more useful Experiments in Philosophy have been made, more Noble Secrets in Opricks, Medicine, Anatomy, Astronomy, discover'd, than in all those credulous and doting Ages from *Aristotle* to us? so true it is that nothing spreads more fast than Science, when rightly and generally cultivated.

Add to this the more than common emulation that was in those times of writing well; which though it be found in all Ages and all Persons that pretend to the same Reputation; yet Poesie being then in more esteem than now it is, had greater Honours decreed to the

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Professors of it; and consequently the Rivalship was more high between them; they had Judges ordain'd to decide their Merit, and Prizes to reward it: and Historians have been diligent to record of *Eschylus*, *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Lycophron*, and the rest of them, both who they were that vanquish'd in these Wars of the Theater, and how often they were crown'd: while the Asian Kings, and Grecian Common-wealths scarce afforded them a Nobler Subject than the unmanly Luxuries of a Debauch'd Court, or giddy Intrigues of a Factionous City. *Alit æmulatio ingenia (says Paternulus) & nunc invidia, nunc admiratio incitationem accendit*: Emulation is the Spur of Wit, and sometimes Envy, sometimes Admiration quickens our Endeavours.

But now since the Rewards of Honour are taken away, that Vertuous Emulation is turn'd into direct Malice; yet so slothful, that it contents it self to condemn and cry down others, without attempting to do better: 'Tis a Reputation too unprofitable, to take the necessary pains for it; yet wishing they had it, that desire is incitement enough to hinder others from it. And this, in short, *Eugenius*, is the reason, why you have now so few good Poets; and so many severe Judges: Certainly, to imitate the Ancients well, much labour and long study is required: which pains, I have already shewn, our Poets would want encouragement to take, if yet they had ability to go through the work. Those Ancients have been faithful Imitators and wise Observers of that Nature which is so torn and ill represented in our Plays; they have handed down to us a perfect resemblance of her; which we, like ill Copyers, neglecting to look on, have rendred monstrous, and disfigur'd. But, that you may know how much you are indebted to those your Masters, and be ashamed to have so ill requited them: I must remember you that all the Rules by which we practise the *Drama* at this day, (either such as relate to the justness and symmetry of the Plot; or the Episodical Ornaments, such as Descriptions, Narrations, and other Beauties, which are not essential to the Play;) were delivered to us from the Observations which *Aristotle* made, of those Poets, who either liv'd before him, or were his Contemporaries: we have added nothing of our own, except we have the confidence to say our wit is better; Of which none boast in this our Age, but such as understand not theirs. Of that Book which *Aristotle* has left us *ὅτι τῆς Ποιητικῆς*, *Horace* his Art of Poetry is an excellent Comment, and, I believe, restores to us that Second Book of his concerning Comedy, which is wanting in him.

Out of these two have been extracted the Famous Rules which the French call, *Des Trois Unitez*, or, The Three Unities, which ought to be observ'd in every Regular Play; namely, o. Time, Place, and Action.

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The unity of Time they comprehend in 24 hours, the compass of a Natural Day; or as near it as can be contriv'd: and the reason of it is obvious to every one, that the time of the feigned action, or fable of the Play, should be proportion'd as near as can be to the duration of that time in which it is represented; since therefore all Playes are acted on the Theater in a space of time much within the compass of 24 hours, that Play is to be thought the nearest imitation of Nature, whose Plot or Action is confin'd within that time; and, by the same Rule which concludes this general proportion of time, it follows, that all the parts of it are (as near as may be) to be equally sub-divided; namely, that one Act take not up the suppos'd time of half a day; which is out of proportion to the rest: since the other four are then to be straightned within the compass of the remaining half; for it is unnatural that one Act, which being spoke or written, is not longer than the rest, should be suppos'd longer by the Audience; 'tis therefore the Poets duty, to take care that no Act should be imagin'd to exceed the time in which it is represented on the Stage; and that the intervalls and inequalities of time be suppos'd to fall out between the Acts.

This Rule of Time how well it has been observ'd by the Ancients, most of their Playes will witness; you see them in their Tragedies (wherein to follow this Rule, is certainly most difficult) from the very beginning of their Playes, falling close into that part of the Story which they intend for the action or principal object of it; leaving the former part to be delivered by Narration: so that they set the Audience, as it were, at the Post where the Race is to be concluded: and, saving them the tedious expectation of seeing the Poet set out and ride the beginning of the Course, they suffer you not to behold him, till he is in sight of the Goal, and just upon you.

For the Second Unity, which is that of place, the Ancients meant by it, That the Scene ought to be continu'd through the Play, in the same place where it was laid in the beginning: for the Stage, on which it is represented, being but one and the same place, it is unnatural to conceive it many; and those far distant from one another. I will not deny but by the variation of painted Scenes, the fancy (which in these cases will contribute to its own deceit) may sometimes imagine it several places, with some appearance of probability; yet it still carries the greater likelihood of Truth, if those places be suppos'd so near each other as in the same Town or City; which may all be comprehended under the larger Denomination of one place: for a greater distance will bear no proportion to the shortness of time, which is allotted in the acting, to pass from one of them to another; for the Observation of this; next to the Ancients, the French are to be most commended. They tie themselves so strictly to the unity of place, that

that you never see in any of their Plays, a Scene chang'd in the middle of an Act: if the Act begins in a Garden, a Street, or Chamber, 'tis ended in the same place; and that you may know it to be the same, the Stage is so supplied with persons that it is never empty all the time: he who enters second has business with him who was on before; and before the second quits the Stage, a third appears who has business with him.

This *Corneille* calls *La Liaison des Scenes*, the continuity or joyning of the Scenes; and 'tis a good mark of a well contriv'd Play when all the Persons are known to each other, and every one of them has some affairs with all the rest.

As for the third Unity which is that of Action, the Ancients meant no other by it than what the Logicians do by their *Finis*, the end or scope of any action: that which is the first in Intention, and last in Execution: now the Poet is to aim at one great and compleat action, to the carrying on of which all things in his Play, even the very obstacles, are to be subservient; and the reason of this is as evident as any of the former.

For two Actions equally labour'd and driven on by the Writer, would destroy the unity of the Poem; it would be no longer one Play, but two: not but that there may be many actions in a Play, as *Ben. Johnson* has observ'd in his discoveries; but they must be all subservient to the great one, which our language happily expresses in the name of under-plots: such as in *Terences Eunuch* is the difference and reconciliation of *Thais* and *Phadria*, which is not the cheif business of the Play, but promotes the marriage of *Charea* and *Chremes's* Sister, principally intended by the Poet. There ought to be but one action, says *Corneille*, that is one compleat action which leaves the mind of the Audience in a full repose: But this cannot be brought to pass but by many other imperfect actions which conduce to it, and hold the Audience in a delightful suspense of what will be.

If by these Rules (to omit many other drawn from the Precepts and Practice of the Ancients) we should judge our modern Plays; 'tis probable, that few of them would endure the tryal: that which should be the business of a day, takes up in some of them an age; instead of one action they are the Epitomes of a mans life; and for one spot of ground (which the Stage should represent) we are sometimes in more Countries than the Map can shew us.

But if we will allow the Ancients to have contriv'd well, we must acknowledge them to have written better; questionless we are depriv'd of a great stock of wit in the loss of *Menander* among the Greek Poets, and of *Cecilius*, *Affranius* and *Varius*, among the Romans: we may guess at *Menander's* Excellency by the Plays of *Terence*, who translated some of them: and yet wanted so much of him that he was call'd

by *C. Caesar* the Half-*Menander*; and may judge of *Varius*, by the Testimonies of *Horace*, *Martial*, and *Velleius Paterculus*: 'Tis probable that these, could they be recover'd, would decide the controversie; but so long as *Aristophanes* and *Plautus* are extant; while the Tragedies of *Eurypides*, *Sophocles*, and *Seneca* are in our hands, I can never see one of those Plays which are now written; but it encreases my admiration of the Ancients; and yet I must acknowledge further, that to admire them as we ought, we should understand them better than we do. Doubtless many things appear flat to us, the wit of which depended on some custome or story which never came to our knowledge, or perhaps on some Criticism in their language, which being so long dead, and only remaining in their Books, 'tis not possible they should make us understand perfectly: To read *Macrobins*, explaining the propriety and elegancy of many words in *Virgil*, which I had before pass'd over without consideration, as common things, is enough to assure me that I ought to think the same of *Terence*; and that in the purity of his style (which *Tully* so much valued that he ever carried his works about him) there is yet left in him great room for admiration, if I knew but where to place it. In the mean time I must desire you to take notice, that the greatest man of the last age (*Ben. Johnson*) was willing to give place to them in all things: He was not only a professed Imitator of *Horace*, but a learned Plagiary of all the others; you track him every where in their Snow: If *Horace*, *Lucan*, *Petronius Arbitr*, *Seneca*, and *Juvenal*, had their own from him, there are few serious thoughts which are new in him; you will pardon me therefore if I presume he lov'd their fashion when he wore their cloaths. But since I have otherwise a great veneration for him, and you, *Eugenius*, prefer him above all other Poets, I will use no farther argument to you than his example: I will produce before you Father *Ben.* dress'd in all the ornaments and colours of the Ancients, you will need no other guide to our Party if you follow him; and whether you consider the bad Plays of our Age, or regard the good Plays of the last, both the best and worst of the Modern Poets will equally instruct you to admire the Ancients.

Crites had no sooner left speaking, but *Eugenius*, who had waited with some impatience for it, thus began:

I have observ'd in your Speech that the former part of it is convincing as to what the Moderns have profited by the rules of the Ancients, but in the latter you are careful to conceal how much they have excell'd them: we own all the helps we have from them, and want neither Veneration nor Gratitude while we acknowledge that to overcome them we must make use of the advantages we have receiv'd from them; but to these Assistances we have joyned our own industry; for (had we sat down with a dull imitation of them)

them) we might then have lost somewhat of the old perfection, but never acquir'd any that was new. We draw not therefore after their lines, but those of Nature; and having the life before us, besides the experience of all they knew, it is no wonder if we hit some airs and features which they have miss'd; I deny not what you urge of Arts and Sciences, that they have flourish'd in some ages more than others; but your instance in Philosophy makes for me: for if Natural Causes be more known now than in the time of *Aristotle*, because more studied, it follows that Poesie and other Arts may with the same pains arrive still nearer to perfection, and, that granted, it will rest for you to prove that they wrought more perfect Images of humane life than we; which, seeing in your Discourse you have avoided to make good, it shall now be my task to shew you some part of their defects, and some few Excellencies of the Moderns; and I think there is none among us can imagine I do it enviously, or with purpose to detract from them; for what interest of Fame or Profit can the living lose by the reputation of the dead? on the other side, it is a great truth which *Velleius Paterculus* affirms, *Audita visis libentius laudamus; & presentia invidia, praterita admiratione prosequimur; & bis nos obrui, illis instrui credimus*: That praise or censure is certainly the most sincere, which unbrib'd posterity shall give us.

Be pleas'd then in the first place to take notice, that the Greek Poesie, which *Crites* has affirm'd to have arriv'd to perfection in the Reign of the old Comedy, was so far from it, that the distinction of it into Acts was not known to them; or if it were, it is yet so darkly deliver'd to us that we cannot make it out.

All we know of it is from the singing of their Chorus, and that too is so uncertain that in some of their Plays we have reason to conjecture they sung more than five times: *Aristotle* indeed divides the integral parts of a Play into four: First, The *Proasis* or entrance, which gives light only to the Characters of the persons, and proceeds very little into any part of the action: Secondly, The *Epitasis*, or working up of the Plot where the Play grows warmer: the design or action of it is drawing on, and you see something promising that it will come to pass: Thirdly, the *Catastasis*, call'd by the Romans, *Stasis*, the height, and full growth of the Play: we may call it properly the Counterturn, which destroys that expectation, imbroyls the action in new difficulties, and leaves you far distant from that hope in which it found you, as you may have observ'd in a violent stream resisted by a narrow passage; it runs round to an eddy, and carries back the waters with more swiftness than it brought them on: Lastly, the *Catastrophe*, which the Grecians call'd *λύσις* the French *le denouement*, and we the discovery or unravelling of the Plot: there you see all things settling again upon their first foundation, and the obstacles which hindered the design

or action of the Play once remov'd, it ends with that resemblance of truth and nature, that the audience are satisfied with the conduct of it. Thus this great man deliver'd to us the image of a Play, and I must confess it is so lively that from thence much light has been deriv'd to the forming it more perfectly into Acts Scenes; but what Poet first limited to five the number of the Acts I know not; only we see it so firmly establish'd in the time of *Horace*, that he gives it for a rule in Comedy; *Nen brevior quinto, nen fit productior actus*: So that you see the Grecians cannot be said to have consummated this Art; writing rather by Entrances than by Acts, and having rather a general indigested notion of a Play, than knowing how and where to bestow the particular graces of it.

But since the Spaniards at this day allow but three Acts, which they call *Jornadas*, to a Play; and the Italians in many of theirs follow them, when I condemn the Ancients, I declare it is not altogether because they have not five Acts to every Play, but because they have not confin'd themselves to one certain number; 'tis building an House without a Model: and when they succeeded in such undertakings, they ought to have sacrific'd to Fortune, not to the Muses.

Next, for the Plot, which *Aristotle* call'd *τὸ μυστήριον*, and often *ἡ ἀνέκδοτος αἰσχρολογία*, and from him the Romans *Fabula*; it has already been judiciously observ'd by a late Writer, that in their Tragedies it was only some Tale deriv'd from *Thebes* or *Troy*, or at least something that happen'd in those two Ages; which was worn so thread bare by the Pens of all the Epique Poets, and even by Tradition it self of the Talkative Greeklings (as *Ben. Johnson* calls them) that before it came upon the Stage, it was already known to all the Audience: and the people so soon as ever they heard the Name of *Oedipus*, knew as well as the Poet, that he had kill'd his Father by a mistake, and committed Incest with his Mother, before the Play; that they were now to hear of a great Plague, an Oracle, and the Ghost of *Laius*: so that they sate with a yawning kind of expectation, till he was to come with his eyes pull'd out, and speak a hundred or more Verses in a Tragick tone, in complaint of his misfortunes. But one *Oedipus*, *Hercules*, or *Medea*, had been tolerable; poor people they scap'd not so good cheap: they had still the *Chapon Bouillé* set before them, till their appetites were cloy'd with the same dish, and the Novelty being gone, the pleasure vanish'd: so that one main end of *Dramatique Poesie* in its Definition, which was to cause Delight, was of consequence destroy'd.

In their Comedies, The Romans generally borrow'd their Plots from the Greek Poets; and theirs was commonly a little Girl stolen or wandred from her Parents, brought back unknown to the City,
there

there got with child by some lewd young fellow; who, by the help of his servant, cheats his father, and when her time comes, to cry *Juno Lucina fer opem*; one or other sees a litte Box or Cabinet which was carried away with her, and so discovers her to her friends, if some God do not prevent it, by coming down in a Machine, and taking the thanks of it to himself.

By the Plot you may guess much of the Characters of the Persons. An Old Father who would willingly before he dies, see his Son well married; his Debauch'd Son, kind in his Nature to his Mistres, but miserably in want of Money; a Servant or Slave, who has so much wit to strike in with him, and help to dupe his Father, a Braggadochio Captain, a Parasite, and a Lady of Pleasure.

As for the poor honest Maid, on whom the Story is built, and who ought to be one of the principal Actors in the Play, she is commonly a Mute in it: She has the breeding of the Old *Elizabeth* way, which was for Maidsto be seen and not to be heard; and it is enough you know she is willing to be married, when the Fifth Act requires it.

These are Plots built after the Italian Mode of Houses, you see thorow them all at once; the Characters are indeed the Imitations of Nature, but so narrow as if they had imitated only an Eye or an Hand, and did not dare to venture on the lines of a Face, or the Proportion of a Body.

But in how straight a compass soever they have bounded their Plots and Characters, we will pass it by, if they have regularly pursued them, and perfectly observ'd those three Unities of Time, Place, and Action: the knowledge of which you say is deriv'd to us from them. But in the first place give me leave to tell you, that the Unity of Place, how ever it might be practis'd by them, was never any of their Rules: We neither find it in *Aristotle*, *Horace*, or any who have written of it, till in our age the French Poets first made it a Precept of the Stage. The unity of time, even *Terence* himself (who was the best and most regular of them) has neglected: His *Heautontimorumenos* or Self-Punisher takes up visibly two days; says *Scaliger*, the two first Acts concluding the first day, the three last the day ensuing; and *Eurypides*, in tying himself to one day, has committed an absurdity never to be forgiven him: for in one of his Tragedies he has made *Theseus* go from *Athens* to *Thebes*, which was about 40 English miles, under the walls of it to give battel, and appear victorious in the next Act; and yet from the time of his departure to the return of the *Nuntius*, who gives the relation of his Victory, *Æschrus* and the Chorus have but 36 Verses; which is not for every Mile a Verse.

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The like error is as evident in *Terence* his *Eunuch*, when *Laches*, the old man, enters by mistake into the house of *Thais*, where betwixt his Exit and the entrance of *Pythias*, who comes to give ample relation of the disorders he has rais'd within, *Parmeno* who was left upon the Stage, has not above five lines to speak: *C'est bien employer un temps si court*, says the French Poet, who furnish'd me with one of the observations; And almost all their Tragedies will afford us examples of the like nature.

'Tis true, they have kept the continuity, or as you call'd it, *Liaison des Scenes* somewhat better: two do not perpetually come in together, talk, and go out together; and other two succeed them, and do the same throughout the Act, which the English call by the name of single Scenes; but the reason is, because they have seldom above two or three Scenes, properly so call'd, in every act; for it is to be accounted a new Scene, not only every time the Stage is empty, but every person who enters, though to others, makes it so; because he introduces a new business: Now the Plots of their Plays being narrow, and the persons few, one of their Acts was written in a less compass than one of our well wrought Scenes, and yet they are often deficient even in this: To go no further than *Terence*, you find in the *Eunuch Antipho* entering single in the midst of the third Act, after *Chremes* and *Pythias* were gone off: In the same Play you have likewise *Dorcas* beginning the fourth Act alone; and after she has made a relation of what was done at the Souldiers entertainment (which by the way was very inartificial) because she was presum'd to speak directly to the Audience, and to acquaint them with what was necessary to be known, but yet should have been so contriv'd by the Poet as to have been told by persons of the *Drama* to one another, (and so by them to have come to the knowledge of the people) she quits the Stage, and *Phaedria* enters next, alone likewise: He also gives you an account of himself, and of his returning from the Country in *Monologue*, to which unnatural way of narration *Terence* is subject in all his Plays: In his *Adelphi* or Brothers, *Syrus* and *Demea* enter; after the Scene was broken by the departure of *Sostrata*, *Geta* and *Canthara*; and indeed you can scarce look into any of his Comedies, where you will not presently discover the same in interruption.

But as they have fail'd both in laying of their Plots, and in the management, serving from the Rules of their own Art, by mis-representing Nature to us, in which they have ill satisfied one intention of a Play, which was delight, so in the instructive part they have err'd worse: instead of punishing Vice and rewarding Virtue, they have often shewn a Prosperous Wickedness, and an Unhappy Piety: They have set before us a bloody image of revenge in *Medea*, and given her Dragons to convey her safe from punishment. A *Priam* and *Aity-*

anax murder'd, and *Cassandra* ravish'd, and the lust and murder ending in the victory of him who acted them: In short, there is no indecorum in any of our modern Plays, which if I would excuse, I could not shaddow with some Authority from the Ancients.

And one farther note of them let me leave you: Tragedies and Comedies were not writ then as they are now, promiscuously, by the same person; but he who found his genius bending to the one, never attempted the other way. This is so plain, that I need not instance to you, that *Aristophanes*, *Plautus*, *Terence*, never any of them writ a Tragedy; *Aeschylus*, *Eurypides*, *Sophocles* and *Seneca*, never medled with Comedy: the Sock and Buskin were not worn by the same Poet: having then so much care to excel in one kind, very little is to be pardon'd them if they miscarried in it; and this would lead me to the consideration of their wit, had not *Crites* given me sufficient warning not to be too bold in my judgment of it; because the languages being dead, and many of the Customs and little accidents on which it depended, lost to us, we are not competent judges of it. But though I grant that here and there we may miss the application of a Proverb or a Custom, yet a thing well said will be wit in all Languages; and though it may lose something in the Translation, yet to him who reads it in the Original, 'tis still the same; He has an Idea of its excellency, though it cannot pass from his mind into any other expression or words than those in which he finds it. When *Phædria* in the Eunuch had a command from his Mistress to be absent two days; and encouraging himself to go through with it, said, *Tandem ego non illi caream, si opus sit, vel totum triduum?* *Parmeno* to mock the softness of his Master, lifting up his hands and eyes, cries out as it were in admiration; *Hui! universum triduum!* the elegancy of which *universum*, though it cannot be rendred in our language, yet leaves an impresson on our souls: but this happens seldom in him, in *Plautus* oftner; who is infinitely too bold in his Metaphors and coyning words; out of which many times his wit is nothing, which questionless was one reason why *Horace* falls upon him so severely in those Verses:

*Sed Proavi nostri Plautinos & numeros, &
Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque
Ne dicam stolidè.*

For *Horace* himself was cautious to obtrude a new word on his Readers, and makes custom and common use the best measure of receiving it into our writings.

*Multa renascentur quæ nunc cecidere, cadentq;
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes, arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquenti.*

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The not observing this Rule is that which the world has blam'd in our Satyrist *Cleveland*; to express a thing hard and unnaturally, is his new way of Elocution: 'Tis true, no Poet but may sometimes use a *Catachresis*; *Virgil* does it;

Mistaque ridenti Colocasia fundet Acantho.

In his Eclogue of *Pollio*, and in his 7th *Æneid*.

*Mirantur & unda,
Miratur nemus, insuetum fulgentia longe,
Scuta virum fluvio, pictasq; innare carinæ.*

And *Ovid* once so modestly, that he asks leave to do it;

*Si verbo audacia detur
Haud metum summi dixisse Palatia cali.*

Calling the Court of *Jupiter* by the name of *Augustus* his Pallace, though in another place he is more bold, where he says, *Es longæ visent Capitolia pompas*. But to do this always, and never be able to write a line without it, though it may be admir'd by some few Pedants, will not pass upon those who know that wit is best convey'd to us in the most easie language; and is most to be admir'd when a great thought comes drest in words so commonly receiv'd that it is understood by the meanest apprehensions, as the best meat is the most easily digested: but we cannot read a verse of *Cleveland's* without making a face at it, as if every word were a Pill to swallow: he gives us many times a hard Nut to break our Teeth, without a Kernel for our pains. So that there is this difference betwixt his *Satyres* and Doctor *Donus*, That the one gives us deep thoughts in common language, though rough cadence; the other gives us common thoughts in abstruse words: 'tis true, in some places his wit is independent of his words, as in that of the Rebel *Scot*:

*Had Cain been Scot God would have chang'd his doom;
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home,*

Si sic, omnia dixisset! This is wit in all languages: 'tis like *Mercury*, never to be lost or kill'd; and so that other;

*For Beauty like White-powder makes no noise,
And yet the silent Hypocrite destroys.*

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You see the last line is highly Metaphorical, but it is so soft and gentle that it does not shock us as we read it.

But, to return from whence I have digress'd, to the consideration of the Ancients Writing and their Wit, (of which by this time you will grant us in some measure to be fit judges,) Though I see many excellent thoughts in *Seneca*, yet he, of them who had a Genius most proper for the Stage, was *Ovid*; he had a way of writing so fit to stir up a pleasing admiration and concernment, which are the objects of a Tragedy, and to shew the various movements of a Soul combating betwixt two different Passions, that, had he liv'd in our Age, or in his own could have writ with our advantages, no man but must have yeilded to him; and therefore I am confident the *Medea* is none of his: for, though I esteem it for the gravity and sententiousness of it, which he himself concludes to be suitable to a Tragedy, *Omne genus scripti gravitate Tragedia vincit*, yet it moves not my soul enough to judge that he, who in the Epique way wrote things so near the *Drama*, as the Story of *Myrrha*, of *Cannus* and *Biblis*, and the rest, should stir up no more concernment where he most endeavour'd it. The Master-piece of *Seneca* I hold to be that Scene in the *Troades*, where *Ulysses* is seeking for *Astyanax* to kill him; There you see the tenderness of a Mother, so represented in *Andromache*, that it raises compassion to a high degree in the Reader, and bears the nearest resemblance of anything in the Tragedies of the Ancients, to the excellent Scenes of Passion in *Shakespeare*, or in *Fletcher*: for Love-Scenes you will find few among them, their Tragique Poets dealt not with that soft passion, but with Lust, Cruelty, Revenge, Ambition, and those bloody actions they produc'd; which were more capable of raising horror than compassion in an audience: leaving Love untoucht, whose gentleness would have temper'd them, which is the most frequent of all the passions, and which being the private concernment of every person, is sooth'd by viewing its own image in a publick entertainment.

Among their Comedies, we find a Scene or two of tenderness, and that where you would least expect it, in *Plautus*; but to speak generally, their Lovers say little, when they see each other, but *anima mea, vita mea*; *ὦν ἡ ψυχῆ*, as the women in *Juvenal's* time us'd to cry out in the fury of their kindness: Any sudden gust of passion (as an extasie of love in an unexpected meeting) cannot better be express'd than in a word and a sigh, breaking one another. Nature is dumb on such occasions, and to make her speak, would be to represent her unlike her self. But there are a thousand other concernments of Lovers, as jealousies, complaints, contrivances and the like, where not to open their minds at large to each other, were to be wanting to their own love, and to the expectation of the Audience; who

watch the movements of their minds, as much as the changes of their fortunes. For the imaging of the first is properly the work of a Poet, the latter he borrows from the Historian.

Eugenius was proceeding in that part of his Discourse, when *Crites* interrupted him. I see, said he, *Eugenius* and I are never like to have this Question decided betwixt us; for he maintains the Moderns have acquir'd a new perfection in writing, I can only grant they have alter'd the mode of it. *Homer* describ'd his Heroes men of great appetites, lovers of beef broild upon the coals, and good fellows; contrary to the practice of the French Romances, whose Heroes neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, for love. *Virgil* makes *Æneas* a bold Avower of his own virtues,

Sum pius Æneas famâ super æthera notus;

which in the civility of our Poets is the Character of a Fanfaron or Hector: for with us the Knight takes occasion to walk out, or sleep, to avoid the vanity of telling his own Story, which the trusty Squire is ever to perform for him. So in their Love Scenes, of which *Eugenius* spoke last, the Ancients were more hearty, we more talkative: they writ love as it was then the mode to make it, and I will grant thus much to *Eugenius*, that perhaps one of their Poets, had he liv'd in our Age,

Si foret hoc nostrum fato delapsus in ævum,

(as *Horace* says of *Lucilius*) he had alter'd many things; not that they were not natural before, but that he might accommodate himself to the Age in which he liv'd; yet in the mean time we are not to conclude any thing rashly against those great men, but preserve to them the dignity of Masters, and give that honour to their memories, (*Quos libitina sacravit*;) part of which we expect may be paid to us in future times.

This moderation of *Crites*, as it was pleasing to all the company, so it put an end to that dispute; which, *Eugenius*, who seem'd to have the better of the Argument, would urge no farther: but *Lisideius* after he had acknowledg'd himself of *Eugenius* his opinion concerning the Ancients; yet told him he had forbore, till his Discourse were ended, to ask him why he prefer'd the English Plays above those of other Nations? and whether we ought not to submit our Stage to the exactness of our next Neighbours?

Though, said *Eugenius*, I am at all times ready to defend the honour of my Country against the French, and to maintain, we are as well able to vanquish them with our Pens as our Ancestors have been with their swords; yet, if you please, added he, looking upon *Neander*,

ander, I will commit this cause to my friend's management; his opinion of our Plays is the same with mine: and besides, there is no reason, that *Crites* and I, who have now left the Stage, should re-enter so suddenly upon it; which is against the Laws of Comedie.

If the Question had been stated, replied *Lisideius*, who had writ best, the French or English forty years ago, I should have been of your opinion, and adjudg'd the honour to our own Nation; but since that time, (said he, turning towards *Neander*) we have been so long together bad Englishmen, that we had not leisure to be good Poets; *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, and *Johnson* (who were only capable of bringing us to that degree of perfection which we have) were just then leaving the world; as if in an Age of so much horror, wit and those milder studies of humanity, had no farther business among us. But the Muses, who ever follow Peace, went to plant in another Countrey; it was then, that the great Cardinal of *Richlieu* began to take them into his protection; and that, by his encouragement, *Corneil* and some other French-men reform'd their Theatre, (which before was as much below ours as it now surpasses it and the rest of *Europe*;) but because *Crites*, in his Discourse for the Ancients, has prevented me, by observing many Rules of the Stage, which the Moderns have borrow'd from them; I shall only, in short, demand of you, whether you are not convinc'd that of all Nations the French have best observ'd them? In the unity of time you find them so scrupulous, that it yet remains a dispute among their Poets, whether the artificial day of twelve hours more or less, be not meant by *Aristotle*, rather than the natural one of twenty four; and consequently whether all Plays ought not to be reduc'd into that compass? This I can testifie, that in all their *Drama's* writ within these last 20 years and upwards, I have not observ'd any that have extended the time to thirty hours: in the unity of place they are full as scrupulous, for many of their Criticks limit it to that very spot of ground where the Play is suppos'd to begin; none of them exceed the compass of the same Town or City.

The unity of Action in all their Plays is yet more conspicuous, for they do not burden them with under-plots, as the English do; which is the reason why many Scenes of our Tragi-comedies carry on a design that is nothing of kin to the main Plot; and that we see two distinct webbs in a Play, like those in ill wrought stuffs; and two actions, that is, two Plays carried on together, to the confounding of the Audience; who, before they are warm in their concernments for one part, are diverted to another; and by that means espouse the interest of neither. From hence likewise it arises that the one half of our Actors are not known to the other. They keep their distances as if

they were *Mountagnes* and *Capulets*, and seldom begin an acquaintance till the last Scene of the Fifth Act, when they are all to meet upon the Stage. There is no Theatre in the world has any thing so absurd as the English Tragi-comedie, 'tis a *Drama* of our own invention, and the fashion of it is enough to proclaim it so; here a course of mirth, there another of sadness and passion; And a third of honour, and a Duel: Thus in two hours and a half we run through all the fits of *Bedlam*. The French affords you as much variety on the same day, but they do it not so unseasonably, or *mal a propos* as we: Our Poets present you the Play and the farce together; and our Stages still retain somewhat of the Original civility of the Red-Bull;

Atque usum & pugiles media inter carmina poscunt.

The end of Tragedies or serious Plays, says *Aristotle*, is to begget admiration, compassion, or concernment; but are not mirth and compassion things incompatible? and is it not evident that the Poet must of necessity destroy the former by intermingling of the latter? that is, he must ruine the sole end and object of his Tragedy to introduce somewhat that is forced in to it; and is not of the body of it: Would you not think that Physician mad, who having prescribed a Purge, should immediately order you to take refrigerants?

But to leave our Playes, and return to theirs, I have noted one great advantage they have had in the Plotting of their Tragedies; that is, they are always grounded upon some known History: according to that of *Horace*, *Ex noto fictum carmen sequar*; and in that they have so imitated the Ancients, that they have surpass'd them. For the Ancients, as was observ'd before, took for the foundation of their Plays some Poetical Fiction, such as under that consideration could move but little concernment in the Audience, because they already knew the event of it. But the French goes farther;

*Atque ita mentitur; sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet inum:*

He so interweaves Truth with probable Fiction, that he puts a pleasing Fallacy upon us; mends the intrigues of Fate, and dispenses with the severity of History, to reward that vertue which has been rendred to us there unfortunate. Sometimes the story has left the success so doubtful, that the Writer is free, by the priviledge of a Poet, to take that which of two or more relations will best sute with his design: As for example, in the death of *Cyrus*, whom *Justin* and

and some others report to have perish'd in the *Scythian* war, but *Xenophon* affirms to have died in his bed of extream old age. Nay more, when the event is past dispute, even then we are willing to be deceiv'd, and the Poet, if he contrives it with appearance of truth, has all the audience of his Party; at least during the time his Play is acting: so naturally we are kind to vertue, when our own interest is not in question, that we take it up as the general concernment of Mankind. On the other side, if you consider the Historical Plays of *Shakspeare*, they are rather so many Chronicles of Kings, or the business many times of thirty or forty years, crampt into a representation of two hours and an half, which is not to imitate or paint Nature, but rather to draw her in miniature, to take her in little; to look upon her through the wrong end of a Perspective, and receive her Images not only much less, but infinitely more imperfect than the life: this, instead of making a Play delightful, renders it ridiculous.

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

For the Spirit of man cannot be satisfied but with truth, or at least verisimilitude; and a Poem is to contain, if not *τὸ ἐν πᾶσι*, yet *ἐν πολλοῖσι* *ὁμοῖα*, as one of the Greek Poets has express'd it.

Another thing in which the French differ from us and from the Spaniards, is, that they do not embarrass, or cumber themselves with too much Plot: they only represent so much of a Story as will constitute one whole and great action sufficient for a Play; we, who undertake more, do but multiply adventures; which, not being produc'd from one another, as effects from causes, but barely following, constitute many actions in the Drama, and consequently make it many Plays.

But by pursuing closely one argument, which is not cloy'd with many turns, the French have gain'd more liberty for verse, in which they write: they have leisure to dwell on a subject which deserves it; and to represent the passions (which we have acknowledg'd to be the Poets work) without being hurried from one thing to another, as we are in the Plays of *Calderon*, which we have seen lately upon our Theaters, under the name of Spanish Plots. I have taken notice but of one Tragedy of ours, whose Plot has that uniformity and unity of design in it which I have commended in the French; and that is *Rollo*, or rather, under the name of *Rollo*, The Story of *Bassianus* and *Geta* in *Herodian*; there indeed the Plot is neither large nor intricate, but just enough to fill the minds of the Audience, not to cloy them. Besides, you see it founded upon the truth of History, only the time of the action is not reduceable to the strictness of the Rules; and you

you see in some places a little farce mingled, which is below the dignity of the other parts; and in this all our Poets are extremely peccant, even *Ben. Johnson* himself in *Sejanus* and *Cataline* has given us this Oleo of a Play: this unnatural mixture of Comedy and Tragedy, which to me sounds just as ridiculously as the History of *David* with the merry humours of *Golia's*. In *Sejanus* you may take notice of the Scene betwixt *Livia* and the Physician, which is a pleasant Satyre upon the artificial helps of beauty: In *Catiline* you may see the Parliament of Women; the little envies of them to one another; and all that passes betwixt *Curio* and *Fulvia*: Scenes admirable in their kind, but of an ill mingle with the rest.

But I return again to the French Writers; who, as I have said, do not burden themselves too much with Plot, which has been reproach'd to them by an *ingenious person* of our Nation as a fault, for he says they commonly make but one person considerable in a Play; they dwell on him, and his concerns, while the rest of the persons are only subservient to set him off. If he intends this by it, that there is one person in the Play who is of greater dignity than the rest, he must tax, not only theirs, but those of the Ancients, and which he would be loth to do, the best of ours; for 'tis impossible but that one person must be more conspicuous in it than any other, and consequently the greatest share in the action must devolve on him. We see it so in the management of all affairs; even in the most equal Aristocracy, the ballance cannot be so justly poys'd, but some one will be superiour to the rest; either in parts, fortune, interest, or the consideration of some glorious exploit; which will reduce the greatest part of business into his hands.

But, if he would have us to imagine that in exalting one character the rest of them are neglected, and that all of them have not some share or other in the action of the Play, I desire him to produce any of *Corneilles* Tragedies, wherein every person (like so many servants in a well govern'd Family) has not some employment, and who is not necessary to the carrying on of the Plot, or at least to your understanding it.

There are indeed some protatick persons in the Ancients, whom they make use of in their Plays, either to hear, or give the Relation: but the French avoid this with great address, making their narrations only to, or by such, who are some way interess'd in the main design. And now I am speaking of Relations, I cannot take a fitter opportunity to add this in favour of the French, that they often use them with better judgment and more *a propos* than the English do. Not that I commend narrations in general, but there are two sorts of them; one of those things which are antecedent to the Play, and are related to make the conduct of it more clear to us, but, 'tis a fault

to choose such subjects for the Stage as will force us on that Rock ; because we see they are seldom listned to by the Audience, and that is many times the ruin of the Play : for, being once let pass without attention, the Audience can never recover themselves to understand the Plot ; and indeed it is somewhat unreasonable that they should be put to so much trouble, as, that to comprehend what passes in their sight, they must have recourse to what was done ; perhaps, ten or twenty years ago.

But there is another sort of Relations, that is, of things hapning in the Action of the Play, and suppos'd to be done behind the Scenes : and this is many times both convenient and beautiful : for, by it the French avoid the tumult, to which we are subject in *England*, by representing Duells, Battels, and the like ; which renders our Stage too like the Theaters where they fight Prizes. For what is more ridiculous than to represent an Army with a Drum and five men behind it ; all which, the Heroe of the other side is to drive in before him, or to see a Duel fought, and one slain with two or three thrusts of the foyles, which we know are so blunted, that we might give a man an hour to kill another in good earnest with them.

I have observ'd that in all our Tragedies, the Audience cannot forbear laughing when the Actors are to die ; 'tis the most Comick part of the whole Play. All *passions* may be lively represented on the Stage ; if to the well-writing of them the Actor supplies a good commanded voice, and limbs that move easily, and without stiffness ; but there are many *actions* which can never be imitated to a just height : dying especially is a thing which none but a Roman Gladiator could naturally perform on the Stage when he did not imitate or represent, but do it ; and therefore it is better to omit the representation of it.

The words of a good Writer which describe it lively, will make a deeper impression of belief in us than all the Actor can insinuate into us, when he seems to fall dead before us ; as a Poet in the description of a beautiful Garden, or a Meadow, will please our imagination more than the place it self can please our sight. When we see death represented we are convinc'd it is but Fiction ; but when we hear it related, our eyes (the strongest witnesses) are wanting, which might have undeceiv'd us ; and we are all willing to favour the sleight when the Poet does not too grossly impose on us. They therefore who imagine these relations would make no concernment in the Audience, are deceiv'd, by confounding them with the other, which are of things antecedent to the Play ; those are made often in cold blood (as I may say) to the audience ; but these are warm'd with our concernments, which were before awaken'd in the Play. What the Philosophers say of motion, that, when it is once begun,

begun, it continues of it self, and will do so to Eternity without some stop put to it, is clearly true on this occasion; the soul being already mov'd with the Characters and Fortunes of those imaginary persons, continues going of its own accord, and we are no more weary to hear what becomes of them when they are not on the Stage, than we are to listen to the news of an absent Mistress. But it is objected, That if one part of the Play may be related, then why not all? I answer, Some parts of the action are more fit to be represented, some to be related. *Corneille* says judiciously, that the Poet is not oblig'd to expose to view all particular actions which conduce to the principal: he ought to select such of them to be seen which will appear with the greatest beauty, either by the magnificence of the show, or the vehemence of passions which they produce, or some other charm which they have in them, and let the rest arrive to the audience by narration. 'Tis a great mistake in us to believe the French present no part of the action on the Stage: every alteration or crossing of a design, every new sprung passion, and turn of it, is a part of the action, and much the noblest, except we conceive nothing to be action till the Players come to blows; as if the painting of the Heroes mind were not more properly the Poets work than the strength of his body. Nor does this any thing contradict the opinion of *Horace*, where he tells us,

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*——

For he says immediately after,

————— *Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam, Multaq; tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narres facundia præsens.*

Among which many he recounts some.

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
Aut in ævem Progne mutetur, Cadmus in anguem, &c.*

That is, those actions which by reason of their cruelty will cause aversion in us, or by reason of their impossibility unbelief, ought either wholly to be avoided by a Poet, or only deliver'd by narration. To which, we may have leave to add such as to avoid tumult, (as was before hinted) or to reduce the Plot into a more reasonable compass of time, or for defect of Beauty in them, are rather to be related than presented to the Eye. Examples of all these kinds
are

are frequent, not only among all the Ancients, but in the best receiv'd of our English Poets. We find *Ben. Johnson* using them in his *Magnetick Lady*, where one comes out from Dinner, and relates the quarrels and disorders of it to save the undecent appearance of them on the Stage, and to abbreviate the Story: and this in exprefs imitation of *Terence*, who had done the same before him in his *Eunuch*, where *Pythias* makes the like relation of what had happen'd within at the Soldiers entertainment. The relations likewise of *Sejanus's* death, and the prodigies before it are remarkable; the one of which was hid from sight to avoid the horror and tumult of the representation; the other to shun the introducing of things impossible to be believ'd. In that excellent Play the King and no King, *Fletcher* goes yet farther; for the whole unravelling of the Plot is done by narration in the fifth Act, after the manner of the Ancients; and it moves great concernment in the Audience, though it be only a relation of what was done many years before the Play. I could multiply other instances, but these are sufficient to prove that there is no error in choosing a subject which requires this sort of narrations; in the ill management of them, there may.

But I find I have been too long in this discourse since the French have many other excellencies not common to us; as that you never see any of their Plays end with a conversion, or simple change of will, which is the ordinary way which our Poets use to end theirs. It shews little art in the conclusion of a Dramatick Poem, when they who have hinder'd the felicity during the four Acts, desist from it in the fifth without some powerful cause to take them off their design; and though I deny not but such reasons may be found, yet it is a path that is cautiously to be trod, and the Poet is to be sure he convinces the Audience that the motive is strong enough. As for example, the conversion of the Usurer in the *Scornful Lady*, seems to me a little forc'd; for being an Usurer, which implies a lover of Money to the highest degree of covetousness, (and such the Poet has represented him) the account he gives for the sudden change is, that he has been dup'd by the wild young fellow, which in reason might render him more wary another time, and make him punish himself with harder care and courser cloaths to get up again what he had lost: but that he should look on it as a Judgment, and so repent, we may expect to hear in a Sermon, but I should never indure it in a Play.

I pass by this; neither will I insist on the care they take, that no person after his first entrance shall ever appear, but the business which brings him upon the Stage shall be evident: which rule if observ'd, must needs render all the events in the Play more natural; for there you see the probability of every accident, in the cause that produc'd it; and that which appears chance in the Play, will seem so reasonable

ble to you, that you will there find it almost necessary ; so that in the exit of the Actor you have a clear account of his purpose and design in the next entrance : (though, if the Scene be well wrought, the event will commonly deceive you) for there is nothing so absurd, says *Corneille*, as for an Actor to leave the Stage, only because he has no more to say.

I should now speak of the beauty of their Rhime, and the just reason I have to prefer that way of writing in Tragedies before ours in Blanck-verse ; but because it is partly receiv'd by us, and therefore not altogether peculiar to them, I will say no more of it in relation to their Plays. For our own I doubt not but it will exceedingly beautifie them, and I can see but one reason why it should not generally obtain, that is, because our Poets write so ill in it. This indeed may, prove a more prevailing argument than all others which are us'd to destroy it, and therefore I am only troubled when great and judicious Poets, and those who are acknowledg'd such, have writ or spoke against it ; as for others they are to be answer'd by that one sentence of an ancient Authour.

Sed ut primo ad consequendos eos quos priores ducimus accendimur, ita ubi aut prateriri, aut equari eos posse desperavimus, studium cum spe senescit: quod, scilicet, assequi non potest, sequi desinit; prateritoque eo in quo eminere non possumus, aliquid in quo nitamur conquirimus.

Lisideius concluded in this manner ; and *Neander* after a little pause thus answer'd him.

I shall grant *Lisideius*, without much dispute, a great part of what he has urg'd against us ; for I acknowledge that the French contrive their Plots more regularly, and observe the Laws of Comedy, and decorum of the Stage (to speak generally) with more exactness than the English. Farther, I deny not but he has tax'd us justly in some irregularities of ours which he has mention'd ; yet, after all, I am of opinion that neither our faults nor their virtues are considerable enough to place them above us.

For the lively imitation of Nature being in the definition of a Play, those which best fulfil that law ought to be esteem'd superiour to the others. 'Tis true, those beauties of the French-poësie are such as will raise perfection higher where it is, but are not sufficient to give it where it is not : they are indeed the Beauties of a Statue, but not of a Man, because not animated with the Soul of Poësie, which is imitation of humour and passions : and this *Lisideius* himself, or any other, however byass'd to their Party, cannot but acknowledge, if he will either compare the humours of our Comedies, or the Characters our serious Plays with theirs. He who will look upon theirs which have been written till these last ten years or thereabouts, will find

find it an hard matter to pick out two or three passable humours amongst them. *Corneille* himself, their Arch-Poet, what has he produc'd except *the Lier*, and you know how it was cry'd up in *France*; but when it came upon the English Stage, though well translated, and that part of *Dorant* acted to so much advantage as I am confident it never receiv'd in its own Country, the most favourable to it would not put it in competition with many of *Fletchers* or *Ben. Johnsons*. In the rest of *Corneilles* Comedies you have little humour; he tells you himself his way is first to shew two Lovers in good intelligence with each other; in the working up of the Play to embroyl them by some mistake, and in the latter end to clear it, and reconcile them.

But of late years *Moliere*, the younger *Cornellie*, *Quinault*, and some others, have been imitating afar off the quick turns and graces of the English Stage. They have mix'd their serious Plays with mirth, like our Tragicomedies since the death of Cardinal *Richlieu*, which *Lysideius* and many others not observing, have commended that in them for a virtue which they themselves no longer practise. Most of their new Plays are like some of ours, deriv'd from the Spanish Novells. There is scarce one of them without a veil, and a trusty *Diego*, who drolls much after the rate of the *Adventures*. But their humours, if I may grace them with that name, are so thin sown that never above one of them comes up in any Play: I dare take upon me to find more variety of them in some one Play of *Ben. Johnsons* than in all theirs together: as he who has seen the *Alchymist*, the *Silent Woman*, or *Bartholmew-Fair*, cannot but acknowledge with me.

I grant the French have performed what was possible on the groundwork of the Spanish Plays; what was pleasant before, they have made regular; but there is not above one good Play to be writ on all those Plots; they are too much alike to please often, which we need not the experience of our own Stage to justify. As for their new way of mingling mirth with serious Plot, I do not with *Lysideius* condemn the thing, though I cannot approve their manner of doing it: He tells us we cannot so speedily recollect our selves after a Scene of great passion and concernment, as to pass to another of mirth and humour, and to enjoy it with any relish: but why should he imagine the soul of man more heavy than his Senses? Does not the eye pass from an unpleasant object to a pleasant in a much shorter time than is requir'd to this? and does not the unpleasantness of the first commend the beauty of the latter? The old Rule of Logick might have convinc'd him, that contraries when plac'd near, set off each other. A continued gravity keeps the spirit too much bent; we must refresh it sometimes, as we bait in a journey, that we may go on with greater ease. A Scene of mirth mix'd with Tragedy has the same effect upon us which our

musick has betwixt the Acts, which we find a relief to us from the best Plots and language of the Stage, if the discourses have been long. I must therefore have stronger arguments ere I am convinc'd, that compassion and mirth in the same subject destroy each other, and in the mean time cannot but conclude, to the honour of our Nation, that we have invented, increas'd and perfected a more pleasant way of writing for the Stage than was ever known to the Ancients or Moderns of any Nation, which is Tragicomedie.

And this leads me to wonder why *Lisideius* and many others should cry up the barrenness of the French Plots above the variety and copiousness of the English. Their Plots are single, they carry on one design which is push'd forward by all the Actors, every Scene in the Play contributing and moving towards it: Our Plays besides the main design, have under-plots or by-concernments, of less considerable Persons, and Intrigues, which are carried on with the motion of the main Plot: as they say the Orb of the fix'd Stars, and those of the Planets, though they have motions of their own, are whirl'd about by the motion of the *primum mobile*, in which they are contain'd: that similitude expresses much of the English Stage: for if contrary motions may be found in Nature to agree; if a Planet can go East and West at the same time; one way by virtue of his own motion, the other by the force of the first mover; it will not be difficult to imagine how the under-Plot, which is only different, not contrary to the great design, may naturally be conducted along with it.

Eugenius has already shewn us, from the confession of the French Poets, that the Unity of Action is sufficiently preserv'd if all the imperfect actions of the Play are conducing to the main design: but when those petty intrigues of a Play are so ill order'd, that they have no coherence with the other, I must grant that *Lisideius* has reason to tax that want of due connexion; for Co-ordination in a Play is as dangerous and unnatural as in a State. In the mean time he must acknowledge our variety, if well order'd, will afford a greater pleasure to the audience.

As for his other argument, that by pursuing one single Theme they gain an advantage to express and work up the passions, I wish any example he could bring from them would make it good: for I confess their verses are to me the coldest I have ever read: Neither indeed is it possible for them, in the way they take, so to express passion, as that the effects of it should appear in the concernment of an Audience, their Speeches being so many declamations, which tire us with the length; so that instead of perswading us to grieve for their imaginary Heroes, we are concern'd for our own trouble, as we are in tedious visits of bad company; we are in pain till they are gone. When the French Stage came to be reform'd by Cardinal *Richelieu*, those long Harangues

gues were introduc'd, to comply with the gravity of a Churchman. Look upon the *Cinna* and the *Pompey*, they are not so properly to be called Plays, as long discourses of reason of State: and *Polienile* in matters of Religion is as solemn as the long stops upon our Organs. Since that time it is grown into a custome, and their Actors speak by the Hour-glass, like our Parsons; nay, they account it the grace of their parts, and think themselves disparag'd by the Poet, if they may not twice or thrice in a Play entertain the Audience with a Speech of an hundred lines. I deny not but this may sure well enough with the French; for as we, who are a more sullen people, come to be diverted at our Plays; so they who are of an aiery and gay temper come thither to make themselves more serious: And this I conceive to be one reason why Comedy's are more pleasing to us, and Tragedies to them. But to speak generally, it cannot be deny'd that short Speeches and Replies are more apt to move the passions, and beget concernment in us than the other: for it is unnatural for any one in a gust of Passion to speak long together, or for another in the same condition, to suffer him, without interruption. Grief and Passion are like floods rais'd in little Brooks by a sudden rain; they are quickly up, and if the concernment be pour'd unexpectedly in upon us, it overflows us: But a long sober shower gives them leisure to run out as they came in, without troubling the ordinary current. As for Comedy, Repartee is one of its chiefeft graces; the greatest pleasure of the Audience is a chase of wit kept up on both sides, and swiftly manag'd. And this our forefathers, if not we, have had in *Fletcher's* Plays, to a much higher degree of perfection than the French Poets can, reasonably, hope to reach.

There is another part of *Lisideius* his Discourse, in which he has rather excus'd our neighbours than commended them; that is, for aiming only to make one person considerable in their Plays. 'Tis very true what he has urged, that one character in all Plays, even without the Poets care, will have advantage of all the others; and that the design of the whole *Drama* will chiefly depend on it. But this hinders not that there may be more shining characters in the Play: many persons of a second magnitude, nay, some so very near, so almost equal to the first, that greatness may be oppos'd to greatness, and all the persons be made considerable, not only by their quality, but their action.. 'Tis evident that the more the persons are, the greater will be the variety of the Plot. If then the parts are manag'd so regularly that the beauty of the whole be kept intire, and that the variety become not a perplex'd and confus'd mass of accidents, you will find it infinitely pleasing to be led in a labyrinth of design, where you see some of your way before you, yet discern not the end till you arrive at it. And that all this is practicable, I can produce for examples many of our English Plays: as the *Maids Tragedy*, the *Alchymist*, the
Silent

Silent Woman; I was going to have named the Fox, but that the unity of design seems not exactly observ'd in it; for there appear two actions in the Play; the first naturally ending with the fourth Act; the second forc'd from it in the fifth: which yet is the less to be condemn'd in him, because the disguise of *Volpone*, though it suited not with his character as a crafty or covetous person, agreed well enough with that of a voluptuary: and by it the Poet gain'd the end at which he aim'd, the punishment of Vice, and the reward of Virtue, both which that disguise produc'd. So that to judge equally of it, it was an excellent fifth Act, but not so naturally proceeding from the former.

But to leave this, and pass to the latter part of *Lisideius* his discourse, which concerns relations, I must acknowledge with him, that the French have reason to hide that part of the action which would occasion too much tumult on the Stage, and to choose rather to have it made known by narration to the Audience. Farther I think it very convenient, for the reasons he has given, that all incredible actions were remov'd; but, whither custome has so insinuated it self into our Country-men, or nature has so form'd them to fierceness, I know not; but they will scarcely suffer combats and other objects of horror to be taken from them. And indeed, the indecency of tumults is all which can be objected against fighting: For why may not our imagination as well suffer it self to be deluded with the probability of it, as with any other thing in the Play? For my part, I can with as great ease persuade my self that the blows are given in good earnest, as I can, that they who strike them are Kings or Princes, or those persons which they represent. For objects of incredibility I would be satisfied from *Lisideius*, whether we have any so remov'd from all appearance of truth as are those of *Corneilles Andromede*? A Play which has been frequented the most of any he has writ? If the *Perseus*, or the Son of an Heathen God, the *Pegasus* and the Monster were not capable to choak a strong belief, let him blame any representation of ours hereafter. Those indeed were objects of delight; yet the reason is the same as to the probability: for he makes it not a Ballette or Masque, but a Play, which is to resemble truth. But for death, that it ought not to be represented, I have besides the Arguments alledg'd by *Lisideius*, the authority of *Ben. Johnson*, who has forborn it in his Tragedies; for both the death of *Sejanus* and *Catiline* are related: though in the latter I cannot but observe one irregularity of that great Poet: he has remov'd the Scene in the same Act, from *Rome* to *Catiline's* Army, and from thence again to *Rome*; and besides, has allow'd a very inconsiderable time, after *Catiline's* Speech, for the striking of the battle, and the return of *Petreibus*, who is to relate the event of it to the Senate: which I should not animadvert on him, who was otherwise a painful observer of *decorum*, or the *decorum* of the Stage, if he had not

not us'd extream severity in his judgment on the incomparable *Shakespeare* for the same fault. To conclude on this subject of Relations, if we are to be blam'd for shewing too much of the action, the French are as faulty for discovering too little of it: a mean betwixt both should be observed by every judicious Writer, so as the audience may neither be left unsatisfied by not seeing what is beautiful, or shock'd by beholding what is either incredible or undecent. I hope I have already prov'd in this discourse, that though we are not altogether so punctual as the French, in observing the Laws of Comedy; yet our errors are so few, and little, and those things wherein we excel them so considerable, that we ought of right to be prefer'd before them. But what will *Lisideius* say if they themselves acknowledge they are too strictly bounded by those Laws, for breaking which he has blam'd the English? I will alledge *Cornille's* words, as I find them in the end of his Discourse of the three Unities; *Il est facile aux speculatifs d'estre severes, &c.* "'Tis easie for speculative persons to judge severely; but if they would produce to publick view ten or twelve pieces of this nature, they would perhaps give more latitude to the Rules than I have done, when by experience they had known how much we are limited and constrain'd by them, and how many beauties of the Stage they banish'd from it. To illustrate a little what he has said; By their servile observations of the unities of time and place, and integrity of Scenes, they have brought on themselves that dearth of Plot, and narrowness of Imagination, which may be observ'd in all their Plays. How many beautiful accidents might naturally happen in two or three days, which cannot arrive with any probability in the compass of 24 hours? There is time to be allowed also for maturity of design, which amongst great and prudent persons, such as are often represented in Tragedy, cannot, with any likelihood of truth, be brought to pass at so short a warning. Farther, by tying themselves strictly to the unity of place, and unbroken Scenes, they are forc'd many times to omit some beauties which cannot be shewn where the Act began; but might, if the Scene were interrupted, and the Stage clear'd for the persons to enter in another place; and therefore the French Poets are often forc'd upon absurdities: for if the Act begins in a Chamber, all the persons in the Play must have some business or other to come thither, or else they are not to be shewn that Act, and sometimes their characters are very unfitting to appear there; As, suppose it were the Kings Bed-chamber, yet the meanest man in the Tragedy must come and dispatch his business there, rather than in the Lobby or Court-yard, (which is fitter for him) for fear the Stage should be clear'd, and the Scenes broken. Many times they fall by it into a greater inconvenience; for they keep their Scenes unbroken, and yet change the place; as in one of their newest

newest Plays, where the Act begins in the Street. There a Gentleman is to meet his Friend; he sees him with his man, coming out from his Fathers house; they talk together, and the first goes out: the second, who is a Lover, has made an appointment with his Mistress; she appears at the window, and then we are to imagine the Scene lies under it. This Gentleman is call'd away, and leaves his servant with his Mistress: presently her Father is heard from within. the young Lady is affraid the Serving-man should be discover'd, and thrusts him into a place of safety, which is suppos'd to be her Closet. After this, the Father enters to the Daughter, and now the Scene is in the House: for he is seeking from one room to another for this person or *Pin*, or French *Diego*, who is heard from within, drooling and bragging many a miserable conceit on the subject of his sad condition. In this ridiculous manner the Play goes forward, the Stage being in the middle all the while: so that the Street, the Window, the Closet, the Room, the Clofet, are made to walk about, and the Persons to follow them. Now what I beseech you is more easie than to write a regular French Play, or more difficult than to write an irregular English one, like those of *Fletcher*, or of *Shakespeare*?

If they content themselves as *Corneille* did, with some flat design, which, like an ill Riddle, is found out ere it be half propos'd; such Plots we can make every way regular as easily as they: but when ere they endeavour to rise to any quick turns and counterturns of Plot, as some of them have attempted, since *Corneille's* Plays have been less in vogue, you see they write as irregularly as we, though they cover it more speciously. Hence the reason is perspicuous, why no French Plays, when translated, have, or ever can succeed on the English Stage. For, if you consider the Plots, our own are fuller of variety; if the writing, ours are more quick and fuller of spirit: and therefore 'tis a strange mistake in those who decry the way of writing Plays in Verse, as if the English therein imitated the French. We have borrowed nothing from them; our Plots are weav'd in English Looms: we endeavour therein to follow the variety and greatness of characters which are deriv'd to us from *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher*: the copiousness and well-knitting of the intrigues we have from *Johnson*, and for the Verse it self we have English Presidents of elder date than any of *Corneille's* Plays: (not to name our old Comedies before *Shakespeare*, which were all writ in verse of six feet, or *Alexandrin's*, such as the French now use) I can shew in *Shakespeare*, many Scenes of rhyme together, and the like in *Ben. Johnson's* Tragedies: In *Catiline* and *Sejanus* sometimes thirty or forty lines; I mean besides the Chorus, or the Monologues, which by the way, shew'd *Ben.* no enemy to this way of writing, especially if you read his *Sad Shepherd*, which goes sometimes on rhyme, sometimes on blank Verse, like an Horse who eases himself

himself on Trot and Amble. You find him likewise commending *Fletcher's* Pastoral of the Faithful Shepherdess; which is for the most part Rhyme, though not refin'd to that purity to which it hath since been brought: And these examples are enough to clear us from a servile imitation of the French.

But to return whence I have digress'd, I dare boldly affirm these two things of the English *Drama*: First, That we have many Plays of ours as regular as any of theirs; and which, besides, have more variety of Plot and Characters: And secondly, that in most of the irregular Plays of *Shakespeare* or *Fletcher*, (for *Ben. Johnson's* are for the most part regular) there is a more masculine fancy and greater spirit in the writing, than there is in any of the French. I could produce even in *Shakespeare's* and *Fletcher's* Works, some Plays which are almost exactly form'd; as the Merry Wives of *Windsor*, and the Scornful Lady: but because (generally speaking) *Shakespeare*, who writ first, did not perfectly observe the Laws of Comedy, and *Fletcher*, who came nearer to perfection, yet through carelessness made many faults; I will take the pattern of a perfect Play from *Ben. Johnson*, who was a careful and learned Observer of the Dramatique Laws, and from all his Comedies I shall select *The Silent Woman*; of which I will make a short Examen, according to those Rules which the French observe.

As *Neander* was beginning to examine *The Silent Woman*, *Euigenius*, earnestly regarding him; I beseech you, *Neander*, said he, gratifie the company and me in particular so far, as before you speak of the Play, to give us a Character of the Author; and tell us frankly your opinion, whether you do not think all Writers, both French and English, ought to give place to him?

I fear, replied *Neander*, That in obeying your Commands I shall draw some envy on my self. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher*, his Rivals in Poesie; and one of them, in my opinion, at least his equal, perhaps his superiour.

To begin then with *Shakespeare*; he was the Man who of all Modern, and perhaps Ancient Poets, had the largest and most comprehensive Soul. All the Images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greatest commendation: he was naturally learn'd; he needed not the Spectacles of Books to read Nature; he look'd inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of Mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his Comic Wit degenerating into Clenches, his serious Swelling

Swelling into Bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no Man can say he ever had a fit subject for his Wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of Poets,

Quantum lenta solent, inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eaton say, That there was no subject of which any Poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in *Shakespeare*; and however others are now generally preferr'd before him, yet the Age wherein he liv'd, which had Contemporaries with him, *Fletcher* and *Johnson* never equall'd them to him in their esteem: And in the last Kings Court, when *Ben's* reputation was at highest, Sir *John Suckling*, and with him the greater part of the Courtiers, set our *Shakespeare* far above him.

Beaumont and *Fletcher* of whom I am next to speak, had with the advantage of *Shakespeare's* Wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improv'd by study. *Beaumont* especially being so accurate a Judge of Plays, that *Ben. Johnson* while he liv'd, submitted all his Writings to his Censure, and 'tis thought, us'd his Judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his Plots. What value he had for him, appears by the Verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first Play that brought *Fletcher* and him in esteem was their *Philaster*: for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of *Ben. Johnson*, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*. Their Plots were generally more regularly than *Shakespeare's*, especially those which were made before *Beaumont's* death; and they understood and imitated the Conversation of Gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in reparties, no Poet before them, could paint as they have done. Humour which *Ben. Johnson* deriv'd from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, Love. I am apt to believe the English Language in them arriv'd to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their Plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the Stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of *Shakespeare's* or *Johnson's*: the reason is, because there is a certain gayety in their Comedies, and Pathos in their more serious Plays, which suits generally with all mens humours. *Shakespeare's* Language is likewise a little obsolete, and *Ben. Johnson's* Wit comes short of theirs.

As for *Johnson*, to whose Character I am now arriv'd, if we look upon him while he was himself, (for his last Plays were but his dotages) I think him the most learned and judicious
Writer

Writer which any Theater ever had. He was a most severe Judge of himself as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his Works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and Language, and Humour also in some measure we had before him; but something of Art was wanting to the *Drama* till he came. He manag'd his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making Love in any of his Scenes, or endeavouring to move the Passions; his Genius was too fullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper Sphere, and in that he delighted most to represent Mechanick people. He was deeply conversant in the Ancients, both Greek and Latine, and he borrow'd boldly from them: there is scarce a Poet or Historian among the Roman Authors of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his Robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any Law. He invades Authors like a Monarch, and what would be theft in other Poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these Writers he so represents old *Rome* to us, in its Rites, Ceremonies and Customs, that if one of their Poets had written either of his Tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his Language, 'twas that he weav'd it too closely and laboriously, in his Comedies especially: perhaps too, he did a little too much Romanize our Tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latine as he found them: wherein though he learnedly followed their Language, he did not enough comply with the Idiom of ours. If I would compare him with *Shakespeare*, I must acknowledge him the more correct Poet, but *Shakespeare* the greater Wit. *Shakespeare* was the *Homer*, or Father of our Dramatick Poets; *Johnson* was the *Virgil*, the pattern of elaborate Writing; I admire him, but I love *Shakespeare*. To conclude of him, as he has given us the most correct Plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his Discoveries, we have as many and profitable Rules for perfecting the Stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Having thus spoken of the Author, I proceed to the examination of his Comedy, *The Silent Woman*.

Examen of the Silent Woman.

To begin first with the length of the Action, it is so far from exceeding the compass of a Natural day, that it takes not up an Artificial one. 'Tis all included in the limits of three hours and an half, which is no more than is requir'd for the presentment on the Stage. A beauty perhaps not much observ'd; if it had, we should

not have look'd on the Spanish Translation of five hours with so much wonder. The Scene of it is laid in *London*; the latitude of place is almost as little as you can imagine: for it lies all within the compass of two Houses, and after the first Act, in one. The continuity of Scenes is observ'd more than in any of our Plays, except his own *Fox* and *Alchymist*. They are not broken above twice or thrice at most in the whole Comedy, and in the two best of *Corneille's* Plays, the *Cid* and *Cinna*, they are interrupted once. The action of the Play is intirely one; the end or aim of which is the settling *Morose's* Estate on *Dauphine*. The Intrigue of it is the greatest and most noble of any pure unmix'd Comedy in any Language: you see in it many persons of various characters and humours, and all delightful: As first, *Morose*, or an old Man, to whom all noise but his own talking is offensive. Some who would be thought Criticks, say this humour of his is forc'd: but to remove that objection, we may consider him first to be naturally of a delicate hearing, as many are to whom all sharp sounds are unpleasant; and secondly, we may attribute much of it to the peevishness of his Age, or the wayward authority of an old Man in his own house, where he may make himself obeyed; and to this the Poet seems to allude in his name *Morose*. Beside this, I am assur'd from divers persons, that *Ben. Johnson* was actually acquainted with such a man, one altogether as ridiculous as he is here represented. Others say it is not enough to find one man of such an humour; it must be common to more, and the more common the more natural. To prove this, they instance in the best of Comical Characters, *Falstaff*: There are many men resembling him; Old, Fat, Merry, Cowardly, Drunken, Amorous, Vain, and Lying: But to convince these people, I need but tell them, that humour is the ridiculous extravagance of conversation, wherein one man differs from all others. If then it be common, or communicated to many, how differs it from other mens? or what indeed causes it to be ridiculous so much as the singularity of it? As for *Falstaff*, he is not properly one humour, but a Miscellany of Humours or Images, drawn from so many several men; that wherein he is singular is his wit, or those things he says, *præter expectatum*, unexpected by the Audience; his quick evasions when you imagine him surpriz'd, which as they are extremely diverting of themselves, so receive a great addition from his person; for the very sight of such an unweildy old debauch'd Fellow is a Comedy alone. And here having a place so proper for it, I cannot but enlarge somewhat upon this subject of humour into which I am fallen. The Ancients had little of it in their Comedies; for the *τὸ γαλῶν*, of the old Comedy, of which *Aristophanes* was chief, was not so much to imitate a man, as to make the people laugh at some odd conceit, which had commonly somewhat of unnatural or ob-

scene

Scene in it. Thus when you see *Socrates* brought upon the Stage, you are not to imagine him made ridiculous by the imitation of his actions, but rather by making him perform something very unlike himself: something so childish and absurd, as by comparing it with the gravity of the true *Socrates*, makes a ridiculous object for the Spectators. In their new Comedy which succeeded, the Poets sought indeed to express the *ἥθος*, as in their Tragedies the *μῆδος* of Mankind. But this *ἥθος* contain'd only the general Characters of Men and Manners; as Old Men, Lovers, Servingmen, Courtizans, Parasites, and such other persons as we see in their Comedies; all which they made alike: that is, one Old Man or Father; one Lover, one Courtizan so like another, as if the first of them had begot the rest of every sort: *Ex homine hunc natum dicas*. The same custom they observ'd likewise in their Tragedies. As for the *French*, though they have the word *humour* among them, yet they have small use of it in their Comedies, or Farces; they being but ill imitations of the *ridiculum*, or that which stirr'd up laughter in the old Comedy. But among the *English* 'tis otherwise: where by humour is meant some extravagant habit, passion, or affection; particular (as I said before) to some one person: by the oddness of which, he is immediately distinguish'd from the rest of men; which being lively and naturally represented, most frequently begets that malicious pleasure in the Audience which is testified by laughter: as all things which are deviations from customs are ever the aptest to produce it: though by the way this laughter is only accidental, as the person represented is Fantastick or Bizarre; but pleasure is essential to it, as the imitation of what is natural. The description of these humours, drawn from the knowledge and observation of particular persons, was the peculiar genius and talent of *Ben. Johnson*; To whose Play I now return.

Besides *Morose*, there are at least nine or ten different Characters and humours in the *Silent Woman*, all which persons have several concerns of their own, yet are all us'd by the Poet, to the conducting of the main design to perfection. I shall not waste time in commending the writing of this Play, but I will give you my opinion, that there is more wit and acuteness of Fancy in it than in any of *Ben. Johnson's*. Besides, that he has here describ'd the Conversation of Gentlemen in the persons of *True-Wit*, and his Friends, with more gayety, air and freedom, than in the rest of his Comedies. For the contrivance of the Plot, 'tis extream elaborate, and yet withal easie; for the *λύσις*, or untying of it, 'tis so admirable, that when it is done, no one of the Audience would think the Poet could have mis'd it; and yet it was conceal'd so much before the last Scene, that any other way would sooner have enter'd into your thoughts. But I dare not take upon me to commend the Fabrick of it, because it is altogether so
full

ful of Art, that I must unravel every Scene in it to commend it as I ought. And this excellent contrivance is still the more to be admir'd, because 'tis Comedy where the persons are only of common rank, and their business private, not elevated by passions or high concerns as in serious Plays. Here every one is a proper Judge of all he sees; nothing is represented but that with which he daily converses: so that by consequence all faults lie open to discovery, and few are pardonable. 'Tis this which *Horace* has judiciously observ'd:

*'Creditur ex medio quia res arcessit habere
Sudoris minimum, sed habet Comedia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto venia minus.*——

But our Poet, who was not ignorant of these difficulties, has made use of all advantages; as he who designs a large leap takes his rise from the highest ground. One of these advantages is that which *Corneille* has laid down as the greatest which can arrive to any Poem, and which he himself could never compass above thrice in all his Plays, viz. the making choice of some signal and long-expected day, whereon the action of the Play is to depend. This day was that design'd by *Dauphine* for the settling of his Uncles Estate upon him; which to compass he contrives to marry him: That the marriage had been plotted by him long beforehand is made evident by what he tells *True-Wit* in the second Act, that in one moment he had destroy'd what he had been raising many months.

There is another artifice of the Poet, which I cannot here omit, because by the frequent practice of it in his Comedies, he has left it to us almost as a Rule, that is, when he has any Character or humour wherein he would shew a *Coup de Maître*, or his highest skill; he recommends it to your observation by a pleasant description of it before the person first appears. Thus, in *Bartholomew-Fair* he gives you the Pictures of *Numps* and *Cokes*, and in this those of *Daw*, *Lafoule*, *Morose*, and the *Collegiate Ladies*; all which you hear describ'd before you see them. So that before they come upon the Stage you have a longing expectation of them, which prepares you to receive them favourably; and when they are there, even from their first appearance you are so far acquainted with them, that nothing of their humour is lost to you.

I will observe yet one thing further of this admirable Plot; the business of it rises in every Act. The second is greater than the first; the third than the second, and so forward to the fifth. There too you see, till the very last Scene, new difficulties arising to obstruct the action of the Play; and when the Audience is brought into despair that the business can naturally be effected, then, and not before, the discovery

covery is made. But that the Poet might entertain you with more variety all this while, he reserves some new Characters to show you, which he opens not till the second and third Act. In the second *Morose, Daw, the Barber and Otter*; in the third the *Collegiat Ladies*: All which he moves afterwards in by-walks, or underPlots, as diversions to the main design, lest it should grow tedious, though they are still naturally joyn'd with it, and somewhere or other subservient to it. Thus, like a skilful Chest-player, by little and little he draws out his men, and makes his pawns of use to his greater persons.

If this Comedy, and some others of his, were translated into French Prose (which would now be no wonder to them, since *Moliere* has lately given them Plays out of Verse which have not displeas'd them) I believe the controversie would soon be decided betwixt the two Nations, even making them the Judges. But we need not call our Hero's to our aid; Be it spoken to the honour of the English, our Nation can never want in any Age such who are able to dispute the Empire of Wit with any people in the Universe. And though the fury of a Civil War, and Power, for twenty years together, abandon'd to a barbarous race of men, Enemies of all good Learning, had buried the Muses under the ruines of Monarchy; yet with the restoration of our happiness, we see reviv'd Poesie lifting up its head, and already shaking off the rubbish which lay so heavy on it. We have seen since his Majesties return, many Dramatick Poems which yield not to those of any forreign Nation, and which deserve all Lawrels but the English. I will set aside Flattery and Envy: it cannot be deny'd but we have had some little blemish either in the Plot or writing of all those Plays which have been made within these seven years: (and perhaps there is no Nation in the world so quick to discern them, or so difficult to pardon them, as ours:) yet if we can perswade our selves to use the candour of that Poet, who (though the most severe of Criticks) has left us this caution by which to moderate our censures;

— *Ubi plura nitent in carmine non ego paucis offendar maculis.*

If in consideration of their many and great beauties, we can wink at some slight, and little imperfections; if we, I say, can be thus equal to our selves, I ask no favour from the French. And if I do not venture upon any particular judgment of our late Plays, 'tis out of the consideration which an Ancient Writer gives me; *Vivum, ut magna admiratio, ita censura difficilis*: betwixt the extreams of admiration and malice, 'tis hard to judge upright of the living. Only I think it may be permitted me to say, that as it is no less'ning to us to add to some Plays, and those not many of our own Nation in the last Age, so can it be no addition to pronounce of our present

they have far surpass'd all the Ancients, and the Modern Writers of other Countreys.

This, was the substance of what was then spoke on that occasion; and *Lisideius*, I think was going to reply, when he was prevented thus by *Crites*: I am confident, said he, that the most material things that can be said, have been already urg'd on either side; if they have not, I must beg of *Lisideius* that he will defer his answer till another time: for I confess I have a joynt quarrel to you both, because you have concluded, without any reason given for it, that Rhyme is proper for the Stage. I will not dispute how ancient it hath been among us to write this way; perhaps our Ancestours knew no better till *Shakespeare's* time. I will grant it was not altogether left by him, and that *Fletcher* and *Ben. Johnson* us'd it frequently in their Pastorals, and sometimes in other Plays. Farther, I will not argue whether we receiv'd it originally from our own Countrymen, or from the French; for that is an inquiry of as little benefit, as theirs who in the midst of the late Plague were not so solicitous to provide against it, as to know whether we had it from the malignity of our own air, or by transportation from *Holland*. I have therefore only to affirm, that it is not allowable in serious Plays; for Comedies I find you already concluding with me. To prove this, I might satisfy my self to tell you, how much in vain it is for you to strive against the stream of the peoples inclination; the greatest part of which are prepossess'd so much with those excellent Plays of *Shakespeare*, *Fletcher*, and *Ben. Johnson*, (which have been written out of Rhyme) that except you could bring them such as were written better in it, and those too by persons of equal reputation with them, it will be impossible for you to gain your cause with them, who will still be judges. This it is to which in fine all your reasons must submit. The unanimous consent of an Audience is so powerful, That even *Julius Caesar* (as *Macrobius* reports of him) when he was perpetual Dictator, was not able to balance it on the other side. But when *Laberius*, a Roman Knight, at his request contended in the *Mime* with another Poet, he was forc'd to cry out, *Etiā favente me vilius es Laberi*. But I will not on this occasion, take the advantage of the greater number, but only urge such reasons against Rhyme, as I find in the Writings of those who have argu'd for the other way. First then I am of opinion, that Rhyme is unnatural in a Play, because Dialogue there is presented as the effect of sudden thought. For a Play is the imitation of Nature; and since no man, without premeditation speaks in Rhyme, neither ought he to do it on the Stage; this hinders not but the Fancy may be there elevated to an higher pitch of thought than it is in ordinary discourse: for there is a probability that men of excellent and quick parts may speak
noble

noble things *ex tempore*: but those thoughts are never fetter'd with the numbers or sound of Verse without study, and therefore it cannot be but unnatural to present the most free way of speaking, in that which is the most constrain'd. For this Reason, says *Aristotle*, 'Tis best to write Tragedy in that kind of Verse which is the least such, or which is nearest Prose: and this amongst the Ancients was the Iambique, and with us is blank verse, or the measure of verse, kept exactly without Rhyme. These numbers therefore are fittest for a Play; the others for a paper of Verses, or a Poem. Blank verse being as much below them, as Rhyme is improper for the *Drama*. And if it be objected that neither are blank verses made *ex tempore*, yet as nearest Nature, they are still to be preferr'd. But there are two particular exceptions which many besides my self have had to verse; by which it will appear yet more plainly, how improper it is in Plays. And the first of them is grounded on that very reason for which some have commended Rhyme: they say the quickness of repartees in argumentative Scenes receives an ornament from verse. Now what is more unreasonable than to imagine that a man should not only imagine the Wit, but the Rhyme too upon the sudden? This nicking of him who spoke before both in sound and measure, is so great an happiness, that you must at least suppose the persons of your Play to be born Poets, *Arcades omnes & cantare pures & respondere parati*, they must have arriv'd to the degree of *quicquid conabar dicere*: to make Verses almost whether they will or no: if they are any thing below this, it will look rather like the design of two, than the answer of one: it will appear that your Actors hold intelligence together, that they perform their tricks like Fortune-tellers, by confederacy. The hand of Art will be too visible in it against that maxim of all Professions; *Ars est celare artem*, That it is the greatest perfection of Art to keep it self undiscover'd. Nor will it serve you to object, that however you manage it, 'tis still known to be a Play; and consequently the Dialogue of two persons understood to be the labour of one Poet. For a Play is still an imitation of Nature; we know we are to be deceiv'd, and we desire to be so; but no man ever was deceiv'd but with a probability of truth, for who will suffer a gross lie to be fasten'd on him? Thus we sufficiently understand that the Scenes which represent Cities and Countries to us, are not really such, but only painted on boards and Canvass: But shall that excuse the ill Painture or designment of them; Nay rather ought they not to be labour'd with so much the more diligence and exactness to help the imagination? since the mind of man does naturally tend to truth; and therefore the nearer any thing comes to the imitation of it, the more it pleases.

Thus, you see, your Rhyme is incapable of expressing the greatest thoughts naturally, and the lowest it cannot with any grace: for what

is more unbefitting the Majesty of Verse, than to call a Servant, or bid a door be shut in Rhime? And yet you are often forc'd on this miserable necessity. But Verse, you say, circumscribes a quick and luxuriant fancy, which would extend it self too far on every subject, did not the labour which is requir'd to well turn'd and polish'd Rhyme, set bounds to it. Yet this Argument, if granted, would only prove that we may write better in Verse, but not more naturally. Neither is it able to evince that; for he who wants judgment to confine his fancy in blank Verse, may want it as much in Rhyme; and he who has it will avoid errors in both kinds. Latine verse was as great a confinement to the imagination of those Poets, as Rhyme to ours: and yet you find *Ovid* saying too much on every subject. *Nescivit (says Seneca) quod bene esset relinquere:* of which he gives you one famous instance in his Description of the Deluge.

Omnia primum erat, decrant quoque Litora Ponto.

Now all was Sea, Nor had that Sea a shore. Thus *Ovid's* fancy was not limited by verse, and *Virgil* needed not verse to have bounded his.

In our own language we see *Ben. Johnson* confining himself to what ought to be said, even in the liberty of blank Verse; and yet *Cornelie*, the most judicious of the *French* Poets, is still varying the same sense an hundred ways, and dwelling eternally on the same subject, though confin'd by Rhyme. Some other exceptions I have to Verse, but since these I have nam'd are for the most part already publick; I conceive it reasonable they should first be answer'd.

It concerns me less than any, said *Neander*, (seeing he had ended) to reply to this Discourse; because when I should have prov'd that Verse may be natural in Plays, yet I should always be ready to confess, that those which I have written in this kind come short of that perfection which is requir'd. Yet since you are pleas'd I should undertake this Province, I will do it, though with all imaginable respect and deference, both to that person from whom you have borrow'd your strongest Arguments, and to whose judgment when I have said all, I finally submit. But before I proceed to answer your objections, I must first remember you, that I exclude all Comedy from my defence; and next that I deny not but blank verse may be also us'd, and content my self only to assert, that in serious Plays where the subject and characters are great, and the Plot unmix'd with mirth, which might allay or divert these concerns which are produc'd Rhyme is there as natural, and more effectual than blank Verse.

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And now having laid down this as a foundation, to begin with *Crites*, I must crave leave to tell him, that some of his Arguments against Rhyme reach no farther than from the faults or defects of ill Rhyme, to conclude against the use of it in general. May not I conclude against blank verse by the same reason? If the words of some Poets who write in it, are either ill chosen, or ill placed (which makes not only Rhyme, but all kind of verse in any language unnatural;) Shall I, for their vicious affectation condemn those excellent lines of *Fletcher*, which are written in that kind? Is there any thing in Rhyme more constrain'd than this line in blank verse? *I Heav'n invoke, and strong resistance make*; where you see both the clauses are plac'd unnaturally; that is, contrary to the common way of speaking, and that without the excuse of a Rhyme to cause it: yet you would think me very ridiculous, if I should accuse the stubbornness of blank Verse for this, and not rather the stiffness of the Poet. Therefore, *Crites*, you must either prove that words, though well chosen, and duly plac'd, yet render not Rhyme natural in it self; or that however natural and easie the Rhyme may be, yet it is not proper for a Play. If you insist on the former part, I would ask you what other conditions are requir'd to make Rhyme natural in it self, besides an election of apt words, and a right disposition of them? For the due choice of your words expresses your sense naturally, and the due placing them adapts the Rhyme to it. If you object that one verse may be made for the sake of another, though both the words and Rhyme be apt; I answer it cannot possibly so fall out; for either there is a dependance of sense betwixt the first line and the second, or there is none: if there be that connection, then in the natural position of the words, the latter line must of necessity flow from the former: if there be no dependance, yet still the due ordering of words makes the last line as natural in it self as the other: so that the necessity of a Rhyme never forces any but bad or lazy Writers to say what they would not otherwise. 'Tis true, there is both care and Art requir'd to write in verse; A good Poet never establishes the first line, till he has sought out such a Rhyme as may fit the sense, already prepar'd to heighten the second: many times the close of the sense falls into the middle of the next verse, or farther off, and he may often prevail himself of the same advantages in English which *Virgil* had in Latine, he may break off in the *Hemistich*, and begin another line: indeed, the not observing these two last things, makes Plays which are writ in verse, so tedious: for though, most commonly, the sense is to be confin'd to the Couplet, yet nothing that does *perpetuo tenore fluere*, run in the same channel, can please always. 'Tis like the murmuring of a stream, which not varying in the fall, causes at first attention, at last drowsiness. Variety of cadences is the best rule, the greatest help to the Actors, and refreshment to the Audience.

If then Verse may be made natural in it self, how becomes it unnatural in a Play? You say the Stage is the representation of Nature, and no man in ordinary conversation speaks in Rhime. But you foresaw when you said this, that it might be answer'd; neither does any man speak in blank verse, or in measure without Rhime. Therefore you concluded, that which is nearest Nature is still to be preferr'd. But you took no notice that Rhime might be made as natural as blank verse, by the well placing of the words, &c. all the difference between them when they are both correct, is the sound in one, which the other wants; and if so, the sweetness of it, and all the advantage resulting from it, which are handled in the Preface to the *Rival Ladies*, will yet stand good. As for that place of *Aristotle*, where he says Plays should be writ in that kind of Verse which is nearest Prose; it makes little for you, blank verse being properly but measur'd Prose. Now measure alone in any modern Language, does not constitute verse; those of the Ancients in Greek and Latine, consisted in quantity of words, and a determinate number of feet. But when, by the inundation of the *Goths* and *Vandals* into *Italy* new Languages were introduced, and barbarously mingled with the Latine (of which the *Italian*, *Spanish*, *French*, and ours, (made out of them and the *Teutonic*) are Dialects:) a new way of Poesie was practis'd; new, I say in those Countries, for in all probability it was that of the Conquerours in their own Nations: at least we are able to prove, that the Eastern people have us'd it from all Antiquity, *Vid. Dan. his Defence of Rhyme*. This new way consisted in measure or number of feet and Rhyme. The sweetness of Rhyme, and observation of Accent, supplying the place of quantity in words, which could neither exactly be observ'd by those *Barbarians* who knew not the Rules of it, neither was it suitable to their tongues as it had been to the Greek and Latine. No man is tied in modern Poesie to observe any farther rule in the feet of his verse, but that they be dissyllables; whether *Spondee*, *Trochee*, or *Iambique*, it matters not; only he is obliged to Rhyme: Neither do the *Spanish*, *French*, *Italian* or *Germans* acknowledge at all, or very rarely any such kind of Poesie as blank verse amongst them. Therefore at most 'tis but a Poetick Prose, a *Sermo pedestris*, and as such most fit for Comedies, where I acknowledge Rhyme to be improper. Farther, as to that quotation of *Aristotle*, our Couplet Verses may be rendred as near Prose as blank verse it self, by using those advantages I lately nam'd, as breaks in an Hemystick, or running the sense into another line, thereby making Art and Order appear as loose and free as Nature; or not tying our selves to Couplets strictly, we may use the benefit of the Pindarique way, practis'd in the Siege of *Rhodes*; where the numbers vary and the Rhyme is dispos'd carelessly, and far from often chyming. Neither is that other advantage of the Ancients to be despis'd, of changing the

the kind of verse when they please with the change of the Scene, or some new entrance: for they confine not themselves always to Iambiques, but extend their liberty to all Lyrique numbers, and sometimes, even to Hexameter. But I need not go so far to prove that Rhyme, as it succeeds to all other offices of Greek and Latine Verse, so especially to this of Plays, since the custome of Nations at this day confirms it, the *French*, *Italian* and *Spanish* Tragedies are generally writ in it, and sure the Universal consent of the most civiliz'd parts of the world, ought in this, as it doth in other customs, to include the rest.

But perhaps you may tell me I have propos'd such a way to make Rhyme natural, and consequently proper to Plays, as is unpracticable, and that I shall scarce find six or eight lines together in any Play, where the words are so plac'd and chosen as is requir'd to make it natural. I answer, no Poet need constrain himself at all times to it. It is enough he makes it his general Rule; for I deny not but sometimes there may be a greatness in placing the words otherwise; and sometimes they may sound better, sometimes also the variety it self is excuse enough. But if, for the most part, the words be plac'd as they are in the negligence of Prose, it is sufficient to denominate the way practicable; for we esteem that to be such, which in the Tryal oftner succeeds than misses. And thus far you may find the practice made good in many Plays; where you do not, remember still, that if you cannot find six natural Rhymes together, it will be as hard for you to produce as many lines in blank Verse, even among the greatest of our Poets, against which I cannot make some reasonable exception.

And this, Sir, calls to my remembrance the beginning of your discourse, where you told us we should never find the Audience favourable to this kind of writing, till we could produce as good Plays in Rhyme, as *Ben. Johnson*, *Fletcher*, and *Shakespeare*, had writ out of it. But it is to raise envy to the living, to compare them with the dead. They are honour'd, and almost ador'd by us, as they deserve; neither do I know any so presumptuous of themselves as to contend with them. Yet give me leave to say thus much, without injury to their Ashes, that not only we shall never equal them, but they could never equal themselves, were they to rise and write again. We acknowledge them our Fathers in wit, but they have ruin'd their Estates themselves before they came to their childrens hands. There is scarce an Humour, a Character, or any kind of Plot, which they have not us'd. All comes sullied or wasted to us: and were they to entertain this Age, they could not now make so plenteous treatments out of such decay'd Fortunes. This therefore will be a good Argument to us either not to write at all, or to attempt some other way. There is no Days to be expected in their Walks; *Tentanda via est quæ me quoque possum tollere humo.*

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This way of writing in Verse, they have only left free to us; our age is arriv'd to a perfection in it, which they never knew; and which (if we may guess by what of theirs we have seen in Verse (as the *Faithful Shepherdess*, and *Sad Shepherd* :) 'tis probable they never could have reach'd. For the Genius of every Age is different; and though ours excel in this, I deny not but that to imitate Nature in that perfection which they did in Prose, is a greater commendation than to write in verse exactly. As for what you have added, that the people are not generally inclin'd to like this way; if it were true, it would be no wonder, that betwixt the shaking off an old habit, and the introducing of a new, there should be difficulty. Do we not see them stick to *Hopkins* and *Sternholds* Psalms, and forsake those of *David*, I mean *Sandys* his Translation of them? If by the people you understand the multitude, the *ἡ πολλοί*. 'Tis no matter what they think; they are sometimes in the right, sometimes in the wrong; their judgment is a meer Lottery. *Est ubi plebs rectè putat, est ubi peccat*. *Horace* says it of the vulgar, judging Poesie. But if you mean the mix'd audience of the populace, and the Noblesse, I dare confidently affirm that a great part of the latter sort, are already favourable to verse; and that no serious Plays written since the Kings return have been more kindly receiv'd by them, than the *Seige of Rhodes*, the *Mustapha*, the *Indian Queen*, and *Indian Emperor*.

But I come now to the inference of your first Argument. You said that the Dialogue of Plays is presented as the effect of sudden thought, but no man speaks suddenly, or *ex tempore* in Rhyme: And you infer'd from thence, that Rhyme, which you acknowledge to be proper to Epique Poesie cannot equally be proper to Dramatick, unless we could suppose all men born so much more than Poets, that verses should be made in them, not by them.

It has been formerly urg'd by you, and confess'd by me, that since no man spoke any kind of verse *ex tempore*, that which was nearest Nature was to be preferr'd. I answer you therefore, by distinguishing betwixt what is nearest to the nature of Comedy, which is the imitation of common persons and ordinary speaking, and what is nearest the nature of a serious Play: this last is indeed the representation of Nature, but 'tis Nature wrought up to an higher pitch. The Plot, the Characters, the Wit, the Passions, the Descriptions, are all exalted above the level of common converse, as high as the imagination of the Poet can carry them, with proportion to verisimilitude. Tragedy we know is wont to image to us the minds and fortunes of noble persons, and to portray these exactly; Heroick Rhyme is nearest Nature, as being the noblest kind of modern verse.

*Indignatur enim privati, & prope socco,
Dignis carminibus, narrari cana Thyesta.* (Says Horace.)

And in another place,

Effutire leveis indigna tragadia versus.

Blank Verse is acknowledg'd to be too low for a Poem; nay more, for a paper of verses; but if too low for an ordinary Sonnet, how much more for Tragedy, which is by *Aristotle* in the dispute betwixt the Epique Poesie and the Dramatick, for many reasons he there alledges, rank'd above it?

But setting this defence aside, your Argument is almost as strong against the use of Rhyme in Poems as in Plays; for the Epique way is every where interlac'd with Dialogue, or discursive Scenes; and therefore you must either grant Rhyme to be improper there, which is contrary to your assertion, or admit it into Plays by the same title which you have given it to Poems. For though Tragedy be justly prefer'd above the other, yet there is a great affinity between them, as may easily be discover'd in that definition of a Play which *Lisideius* gave us. The Genus of them is the same, a just and lively Image of humane nature, in its Actions, Passions, and traverses of Fortune: so is the end, namely for the delight and benefit of Mankind. The Characters and Persons are still the same, viz. the greatest of both sorts, only the manner of acquainting us with those Actions, Passions and Fortunes is different. Tragedy performs it *viva voce*, or by action, in Dialogue, wherein it excels the Epique Poem which does it chiefly by narration, and therefore is not so lively an Image of Humane Nature. However, the agreement betwixt them is such, that if Rhyme be proper for one, it must be for the other. Verse 'tis true is not the effect of sudden thought; but this hinders not that sudden thought may be represented in verse, since those thoughts are such as must be higher than Nature can raise them without premeditation, especially to a continuance of them even out of verse, and consequently you cannot imagine them to have been sudden either in the Poet, or the Actors. A Play, as I have said to be like Nature, is to be set above it; as Statues which are plac'd on high are made greater than the life, that they may descend to the sight in their just proportion.

Perhaps I have insisted too long on this objection; but the clearing of it will make my stay shorter on the rest. You tell us *Crites*, that Rhyme appears most unnatural in repartees, or short replies: when he who answers, (it being Presum'd he knew not what the other would say, yet) makes up that part of the verse which was left incomplete,

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and supplies both the sound and measure of it. This you say looks rather like the confederacy of two, than the answer of one.

This, I confess, is an objection which is in every mans mouth who loves not Rhyme: but suppose, I beseech you, the repartee were made only in blank verse, might not part of the same argument be turn'd against you? for the measure is as often supply'd there as it is in Rhyme. The latter half of the Hemystich as commonly made up, or a second line subjoyn'd as a reply to the former; which any one leaf in *Johnson's Plays* will sufficiently clear to you. You will often find in the Greek Tragedians, and in *Seneca*, that when a Scene grows up into the warmth of repartees (which is the close fighting of it) the latter part of the Trimeter is supply'd by him who answers; and yet it was never observ'd as a fault in them by any of the Ancient or Modern Criticks. The case is the same in our verse as it was in theirs; Rhyme to us being in lieu of quantity to them. But if no latitude is to be allow'd a Poet, you take from him not only his license of *quidlibet audendi*, but you tie him up in a straighter compass than you would a Philosopher. This is indeed *Musas colere severiores*: You would have him follow Nature, but he must follow her on foot: you have dismounted him from his *Pegasus*. But you tell us this supplying the last half of a verse, or adjoyning a whole second to the former, looks more like the design of two than the answer of one. Suppose we acknowledge it: how comes this confederacy to be more displeasing to you than in a Dance which is well contriv'd? You see there the united design of many persons to make up one Figure: after they have separated themselves in many petty divisions, they rejoyne one by one into a gross: the confederacy is plain amongst them; for chance could never produce any thing so beautiful, and yet there is nothing in it, that shocks your sight. I acknowledge the hand of Art appears in repartee, as of necessity it must in all kind of verse. But there is also the quick and poyntant brevity of it (which is an high imitation of Nature in those sudden gusts of passion) to mingle with it: and this joyn'd with the cadency and sweetness of the Rhyme, leaves nothing in the soul of the hearer to desire. 'Tis an Art which appears; but it appears only like the shadowings of Painture, which being to cause the rounding of it, cannot be absent; but while that is consider'd they are lost: so while we attend to the other beauties of the matter, the care and labour of the Rhyme is carry'd from us, or at least drown'd in its own sweetness, as Bees are sometimes bury'd in their Honey. When a Poet has found the repartee, the last perfection he can add to it, is to put it into verse. However good the thought may be; however apt the words in which 'tis couch'd, yet he finds himself at a little unrest while Rhyme is wanting: he cannot leave it till that comes naturally, and then is at ease, and sits down contented.

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From Replies, which are the most elevated thoughts of Verse, you pass to those which are most mean and which are common with the lowest of household conversation. In these, you say, the Majesty of Verse suffers. You instance in the calling of a servant, or commanding a door to be shut in Rhyme. This, *Crites*, is a good observation of yours, but no argument: for it proves no more but that such thoughts should be wav'd, as often as may be, by the address of the Poet. But suppose they are necessary in the places where he uses them, yet there is no need to put them into Rhyme. He may place them in the beginning of a Verse, and break it off, as unfit, when so debas'd for any other use: or granting the worst, that they require more room than the Hemystich will allow; yet still there is a choice to be made of the best words, and least vulgar (provided they be apt) to express such thoughts. Many have blam'd Rhyme in general, for this fault, when the Poet, with a little care, might have redress'd it. But they do it with no more justice, than if English Poesie should be made ridiculous for the sake of the Water Poet's Rhymes. Our language is noble, full and significant; and I know not why he who is Master of it may not cloath ordinary things in it as decently as the Latine; if he use the same diligence in his choice of words.

Delectus verborum Origo est Eloquentie.

It was the saying of *Julius Caesar*, one so curious in his, that none of them can be chang'd but for a worse. One would think unlock the door was a thing as vulgar as could be spoken; and yet *Seneca* could make it sound high and lofty in his Latine.—

Referate clusos Regii. postes Laris.

Set wide the Palace gates.

But I turn from this exception, both because it happens not above twice or thrice in any Play that those vulgar thoughts are us'd; and then too (were there no other Apology to be made, yet) the necessity of them (which is alike in all kind of writing) may excuse them. For if they are little and mean in Rhyme, they are of consequence such in Blank Verse. Besides that the great eagerness and precipitation with which they are spoken makes us rather mind the substance than the dress; that for which they are spoken, rather than what is spoke. For they are always the effect of some hasty concernment, and something of consequence depends on them.

Thus, *Crites*, I have endeavour'd to answer your objections; it remains only that I should vindicate an Argument for Verse, which you

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have gone about to overthrow. It had formerly been said, that the easiness of blank verse, renders the Poet too luxuriant; but that the labour of Rhyme bounds and circumscribes an over-fruitful fancy. The scene there being commonly confin'd to the couplet, and the words so order'd that the Rhyme naturally follows them, not they the Rhyme. To this you answer'd, that it was no Argument to the question in hand, for the dispute was not which way a man may write best; but which is most proper for the subject on which he writes.

First, give me leave, Sir, to remember you that the Argument against which you rais'd this objection, was only secondary: it was built on this *Hypothesis*, that to write in verse was proper for serious Plays. Which supposition being granted (as it was briefly made out in that discourse, by shewing how verse might be made natural) it asserted, that this way of writing was an help to the Poets judgment, by putting bounds to a wilde over-flowing Fancy. I think therefore it will not be hard for me to make good what it was to prove on that supposition. But you add, that were this let pass, yet he who wants judgment in the liberty of his fancy, may as well shew the defect of it when he is confin'd to verse: for he who has judgment will avoid errors, and he who has it not, will commit them in all kinds of writing.

This Argument, as you have taken it from a most acute person, so I confess it carries much weight in it. But by using the word Judgment here indefinitely, you seem to have put a fallacy upon us: I grant he who has Judgment, that is, so profound; so strong; or rather so infallible a judgment, that he needs no helps to keep it always pois'd and upright, will commit no faults either in Rhyme or out of it. And on the other extream, he who has a judgment so weak and craz'd that no helps can correct or amend it, shall write scurvily out of Rhyme, and worse in it. But the first of these judgments is no where to be found, and the latter is not fit to write at all. To speak therefore of judgment as it is in the best Poets; they who have the greatest proportion of it, want other helps than from it within. As for example, you would be loth to say, that he who is indued with a sound judgment has no need of History, Geography, or Moral Philosophy, to write correctly. Judgment is indeed the Master-workman in a Play: but he requires many subordinate hands, many tools to his assistance. And verse I affirm to be one of these: 'Tis a Rule and line by which he keeps his building compact and even, which otherwise lawless imagination would raise either irregularly or loosely. At least if the Poet commits errors with this help, he would make greater and more without it; 'tis (in short) a slow and painful, but the surest kind of working. *Ovid* whom you accuse for luxuriance in Verse, had perhaps been farther guilty of it had he writ in Prose. And for your instance of *Ben. Johnson*, who you say, writ exactly without

the help of Rhyme; you are to remember 'tis only an aid to a luxuriant Fancy, which his was not: As he did not want imagination, so none ever said he had much to spare. Neither was verse then refin'd so much to be an help to that Age as it is to ours. Thus then the second thoughts being usually the best, as receiving the maturest digestion from judgment, and the last and most mature product of those thoughts being artful and labour'd verse, it may well be inferr'd, that verse is a great help to a luxuriant Fancy; and this is what that Argument which you oppos'd was to evince.

Neander was pursuing this Discourse so eagerly, that *Eugenius* had call'd to him twice or thrice ere he took notice that the Barge stood still, and that they were at the foot of *Somerset-Stairs*, where they had appointed it to land. The company were all sorry to separate so soon, though a great part of the evening was already spent; and stood a while looking back on the water, upon which the Moon-beams play'd, and made it appear like floating quick-silver: at last they went up through a crowd of French people who were merrily dancing in the open air, and nothing concern'd for the noise of Guns which had alarm'd the Town that afternoon. Walking thence together to the *Piazza* they parted there; *Eugenius* and *Lyfideius* to some pleasant appointment they had made, and *Crites* and *Neander* to their several Lodgings.

F I N I S.